Vol. CXXX. No. 1685.

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[THE BYSTANDER, APRIL 1, 1936.

The BYSTANDER

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GERMANY—*continued.*

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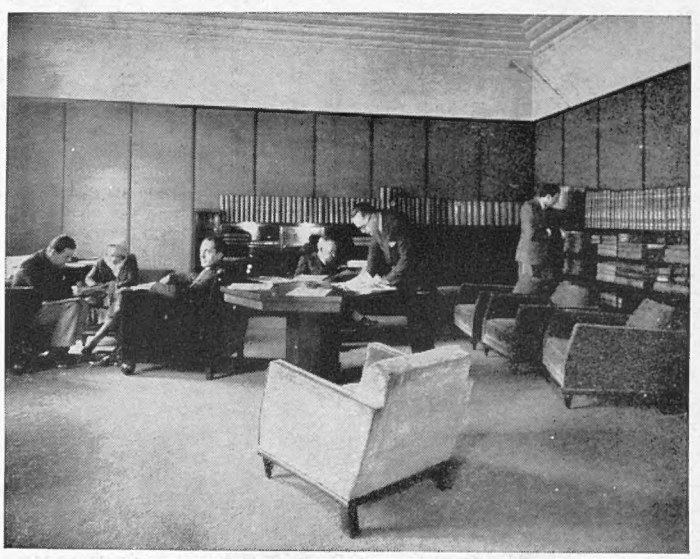

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The Bystander, April 1, 1936

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The BYSTANDER

Marlene Dietrich in Her New Film

Once they used to call Marlene Dietrich the German Garbo, but she has long been on her own pedestal as "the Dietrich." In her newest film, *Desire* (at the Plaza), Frank Borzage directed her for the first time. He has recaptured her legendary glamour, added more than a pinch of wit and, although the story is just a Hollywood ready-to-wear, he, she, and Gary Cooper make it look tailored. Soon Marlene Dietrich leaves America for England; we shall see then what Alexander Korda and London Films can do for her

Photographs by Janet Jevons

Viceroy and Vicereine

The Marquess and Marchioness of Linlithgow

Lord Linlithgow's appointment as Viceroy and Governor-General of India in succession to Lord Willingdon comes into effect this month, and he and Lady Linlithgow are sailing to-morrow for their new five-years' home. Lord Linlithgow is already an expert on Indian affairs, having been chairman of the Royal Commission on Agriculture in India in 1926-8, and of the Joint Select Committee on Indian Constitutional Reform in 1933-4. He is forty-eight, married Sir Frederick Milner's daughter when he was twenty-three, three years after he succeeded as second Marquess, and has two sons who are twins and three daughters. His sister, Lady Mary Hope, is Lady-in-Waiting to the Duchess of Kent

THE PASSING HOUR

Comments and Asides on the Affairs of the Day

By A. G. Macdonell

In presenting this, the first of the Bystander's weekly commentaries on contemporary affairs, I feel that I ought to explain something of our intentions and at the same time, with a becoming modesty, a little of our limitations. The idea is to discuss the outstanding events of the previous week in an impartial way. There will be no party politics dragged in. There will be no axes to grind, or soft soap to smear about. There will be no cause to advance or banner to wave or torch to carry. It will be, in fact, an attempt to discuss outstanding events without prejudice.

The limitations will be that a weekly journal does not go to press on the day before publication, or even on the day before that, and so it will often happen that I shall be blandly predicting results that you, readers, will already know to be non-existent, and that I shall be examining situations that you, readers, will already know have joined the limbo of the past. In these days of the wireless and the telephone and the telegraph, the path of a weekly commentator is very hard, and no living man is liable to make such a fool of himself.

However, there it is. And, readers, with your gentle permission (and without it, too, thank heaven!) here goes.

The Rhineland crisis swings backwards and forwards. At one moment the Germans say no to a proposal, and at the next moment it is the French who shout their negative. The Italians, busy elsewhere, say nothing, and Mr. Eden feverishly employs his arts of compromise and blandishment upon each and all in turn, separably, in twos and threes, or all together. Naturally it is impossible to discuss the situation here in terms of high policy, because there are so many vitally important factors of which the public knows nothing. For example, what is the effect of the reported Schact-Goebbels' quarrel? Is Germany on the edge of economic collapse with an inevitable revolution to follow? What of France's internal situation? Will the parties of the Left win at the forthcoming election? There are hundreds of similar questions of which the layman can know nothing.

But what the layman can discuss is the impact of all this upon the man in the street, in the field, in the country pub. I have had a great many talks with a great many people during the last week or so, and I have come, rightly or wrongly, to the following conclusions:

Down to the Sea

Mr. Stephen J. Piggot, a director of John Brown and Co., the Queen Mary's builders, and Sir Edgar Britten, her captain, on the bridge of the great Cunarder during her down-Clyde voyage

that the first reaction of the man in the street was anger against Germany coupled with a good deal of fear. He had been told so often and so emphatically during the last six months by certain newspapers that the British fleet could not face Italy, that he was definitely alarmed by the sudden appearance of the goose-steppers and the tin hats so much nearer home. And he was also definitely angry at the prospect of having to do the whole business over again. Then came Hitler's arguments in justification and his offer of a twenty-five-year pact. Arguments and offer both sounded reasonable. Opinions began to soften and tempers to cool. Then came the flat French refusals, one after another, and ancient mistrusts began to creep out. Were the French up to their old games again? Many an ex-soldier who began by fighting beside the French and ended by almost preferring the Germans, remembered some of the old grudges. I do not think it is an exaggeration to say that the French have lost a great deal of the sympathy that they undoubtedly deserved by their fatal habit of sticking to small legal points instead of squarely facing the broad issue, which is the Peace of the World.

Amid all this welter of offers and counter-offers, of rejections, flat rejections, and blunt rejections, and all the rest of the complicated machinery by which our supermen and the supermen of the other countries arrive at their deadlocks, one thing stands out, and that is the immense value of the League as the cooling-room of the European Turkish Bath. Those who sneer at the League and call it a talking-shop are paying it the highest possible compliment. It is a talking-shop. That is one of the reasons for its existence. When the Germans went goose-stepping into the Rhineland, there was an ugly explosion of temper in France. Things looked very bad indeed. The powder-magazine was wide open, and it only needed a maniac with a cigarette-lighter to start the explosion.

The Passing Hour *(Continued from page 3)*

Then the talking-shop took down its shutters and declared itself open to customers. Plenty of customers at once flocked in, most of them talking at the tops of their voices in order to explain that they absolutely refused to talk. The talking is still going on, and with every hour of conversation the actual danger of the maniac with his modern, petrol-filled, scientific equivalent of the old tinder-box recedes.

Contrast the position with that of July, 1914. There was no talking-shop in existence in those days. There was no cooling-room. The Turkish Baths flew to the highest temperature in a trice, and nations had no alternative but to mobilise as fast as possible. The result was that in a few days Europe, and later the world, was converted into a fighting-shop.

And we are still paying for that luxury.

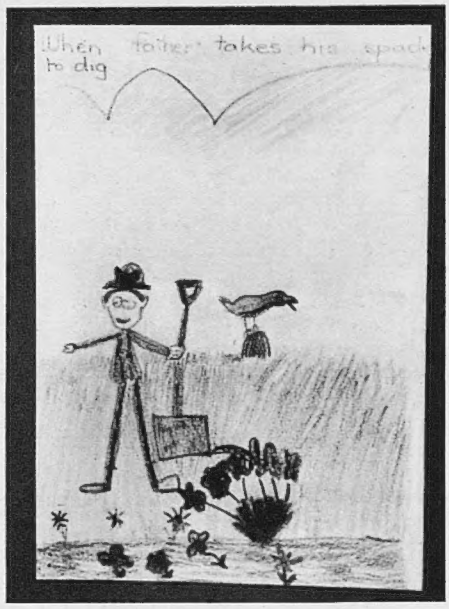
THE crisis in the Rhineland has pushed the Abyssinian affair out of the head-lines. The rattle of the guns over the Hohenzollern Bridge at Cologne has drowned the explosions of the bombs on the neutral Red Cross ambulances, and the roars of "Heil Hitler" have outshouted the "Viva il Duce's" for a moment. But the war still goes on.

There are all kinds of rumours, of course, about the opening of negotiations in the immediate future, and about bargains that may or may not be being struck behind the scenes, and the rumour that is gaining most belief is that the Negus and the Duce are prepared to call it a day and lay off the belligerent stuff, provided that Britain pays the costs of the war for both sides by means of two nice generous loans which nobody need bother to pay back, and of which nothing more will ever be heard except by the British tax-payer, and nobody pays any attention to him anyway. He will not be consulted, and nothing will be required of him whatsoever except the time-honoured formality of footing the bill. That is the rumour which, as I say, is being generally believed to be pretty near the mark, mainly because it is so extremely likely to happen and because it has happened so extremely often in the past.

But even if this does happen, the Italo-Abyssinian war will not have been a total loss to the tax-payer, because while the Government has been advocating Sanctions against Italy with one hand, so to speak, with the other it has been selling oil to the Italian Government. This delightful paradox has at least brought in a little hard cash—perhaps slightly tainted but not the less hard for that—into the national cash-register.

ANOTHER mammoth rally, or jamboree, or whatever they call it, of the Blackshirts took place at the Albert Hall the other day, and a very nice little free-for-all ensued in the district, especially in the purlieus of Thurloe Square, South Kensington. It was here that the counter-demonstration settled down, like bees swarming, to speak their little pieces, and it was here that the Mounted Police gave a spirited imitation of what the cavalry might have done to the Western Front if the infantry of both sides had forgotten to dig trenches and put out barbed wire. On the Thurloe front the demonstrators had omitted to bring their barbed-wire along with them, so the charge seems to have been pretty effective.

I hold no brief for Fascists or for Communists, and, like countless millions of law-abiding citizens, I strongly object to disorders in the streets and public brawling. But I must confess to a little uneasiness when I read of these mounted charges. The history of Warsaw in the old pre-war days is full of them, and where are the Cossacks of yesteryear? And where are the folk who unleashed them, with their galloping ponies and their whirling whips? A plague on both the houses who disturb our quiet streets and bring out the mounted men.



"Life with Father"

"Daddy's Wireless Set" is by Lawrence Dopson, aged eleven; "When father takes his spade to dig" is by a six-year-old. Both masterpieces are in the Royal Drawing Society's Children's Exhibition at the Guildhall Art Gallery

IT is good news that the American floods are subsiding at last. What a colossal scale of prosperity and tragedy that great country enjoys—if enjoys is the correct word. Her millionaires are richer and more numerous than elsewhere; her fires are more disastrous; her buildings are the tallest in the world; her tornados and hurricanes the most terrible. And so it is with her droughts and her floods. Sometimes the earth is so dry that the top-soil is blown away in colossal clouds that travel for thousands of miles, and sometimes it is so wet that the rivers overflow and flood whole counties and cities. To-day, the refugees are numbered by the hundred thousand, the damage, in dollars, by the hundred million, and more than a quarter of a million men have been thrown out of work in New England alone by the flooding of textile and other factories. Life in Old England may not hit quite such high spots as life in the New, but at least it is a little less hazardous. There are some sensations—even in this sensation-loving age—that we can well do without.

SO the Queen Mary got safely out of the Clyde in spite of the narrowness of the channel, the awkwardness of the curves, and the unprecedented size of the vessel. It is estimated that at least a million people watched the departure of the liner, and the banks of the Clyde were thick with sightseers who had camped out all night so as not to miss the show.

And now what will happen to the Glasgow shipbuilders who have achieved this stupendous piece of engineering? Will there be a sister-ship? But if there is, Tyneside will put up a desperate fight to prevent it going North, and Belfast may have something to say in the matter, too. It looks as if the Clyde-side folk will have to sit down and wait for a slice of the new Rearmament campaign. And to judge from rumours, there will be enough cake there for everyone.

Sir Thomas Inskip

When the new Minister for the Co-ordination of Defence answered his first questions in the House, he "made a favourable impression"

Norman Parkinson

In Dry Dock

Until to-morrow, when the Queen Mary is due to undertake her speed trials, she is in the giant King George V. dry dock, towering even more amazingly above Southampton than she did in her Glasgow cradle. After her trials she drops out of the news and into the hands of interior decorators until early May, when her owners, the Cunard White Star, take her over and she becomes officially "of Liverpool"

Lord Feversham

The Hon. Anne Wood is Engaged to the Earl of Feversham

This Yorkshire engagement was announced last week — between the thirty-year-old Earl of Feversham and Viscount and Viscountess Halifax's only daughter, who is twenty-six. Lord Feversham owns Duncombe Park, Helmsley, but lives at Nawton Tower; he was appointed Lord-in-Waiting to the late King in 1934, was Master of the Sunnington from 1930 to 1933, and takes an energetic part in local affairs. Anne Wood's father, as Mr. Eden's right-hand man, has been much in the news lately. So has her eldest brother Charles, in a different way— he is marrying Miss Ruth Primrose at the end of the month

Going Out to Goings-On

The "Bystander" Records the Social Round

As the Grand National took place about the time we went to press, you'll have to wait another week for our Aintree gossip. Meantime we can hark back to the Grand Military meeting.

A Slim Symphony in Grey Flannel

EVEN a thousand-guinea mink coat looked entirely unsuitable at Sandown on the Saturday.

It was as warm as the middle of May, and a suitable suit of sorts was the only possible thing to wear.

We noticed that the wives and daughters of the Army clung to their mourning garments more than the regular racegoers, that their clothes were less "sporting," and that few of them carried race-glasses.

The Hon. Mrs. Barford, a slim symphony in immaculate grey flannel, was the best-dressed woman we saw all day, although there were lots of seconds and thirds.

Chuck-and-Chance it

IT was a cheerful outing: the bars were packed, the Cavalry tent surprisingly uncrowded and restful when we visited it for a hurried tea.

That fortunate and popular young man, Mr. "Jock" Whitney, was there; Lord and Lady Milton, she in sea-green suède; Lady Warwick we heard of, but never found in the crowd; the Marchioness of Cambridge, who takes her racing seriously, wore a black suit and a black-and-white halo.

One can always say with conviction that Miss Diana Clark was the prettiest girl that one saw that day. (She was, too.)

Among the "Poonah-isms" heard during the day we were most amused at a conversation between two elderly colonels. One said to the other: "Are you a fisherman?", and "B" replied: "No: I'm a chuck-and-chance-it man!"

Mrs. R. L. Preston

Mr. and Mrs. Jock Hanbury

Mrs. R. L. Preston, whose husband is hon. secretary of the Household Brigade Flying Club, and the Jock Hanburys were photographed on Sunday at Heston, which, at fine week-ends, is as busy as a main line station before Bank Holiday and much more social

Blood Will Tell!

WE were lucky enough to be staying in a nearby country house where the company was excellent, the food and drink beyond reproach, and everything the top as far as comfort was concerned.

Great care had been taken to ensure that the numerous guests had as many boiling baths as they fancied, and a local handy-man, ignorant of such things as thermometers, had stoked the boiler to exploding-point.

Somewhere about 3 a.m., when most of us were asleep, astonishing rattlings and gurglings shook the entire house, and we realised after an alarmed consultation with strangely-dressed members of the staff that the boiler was just about to explode.

Now getting an angry boiler cooled down in the dead of night with no professional help is one of the harder tasks. Nothing seemed to appease the infuriated

Prince Weikersheim and Lady Duff Assheton-Smith

Were at the gala première of "Magnificent Obsession," at the Regal. Prince Franz Weikersheim announced his engagement the other day to Princess Irma Windisch-Graetz, Prince and Princess Hugo Windisch-Graetz's only daughter

Swaebe

The Hon. David and Lady Anne Rhys

Were out walking in the Park with their small son, Llewelyn Arthur, who was born last year. They live in Norfolk Crescent. David Rhys got back not long ago from his hotel-studying trip to America

Going Out to Goings-On *(Continued)*

furnace, but " blood will tell," as someone remarked, and my Lords Milton and Ashley worked wonders and peace was eventually restored.

A Laudable Ambition

OUR artist girl-friend, Miss Molly Bishop, is just back from a ski-ing expedition in Austria. She looks very brown and healthy, and was wearing a funny pair of furry, brown calf-skin shoes when we met her the other day.

She seems to think we all look very pale and ill and too much made-up, after the bronzed Germans and Austrians she has been accustomed to.

They wear their sunburnt faces shiny, and only make up their eyes and mouths.

Lady Stanley of Alderley

This attractive head of Lady Stanley of Alderley was modelled by J. A. Stevenson, who has done one of her mother, Lady Winifred Pennoyer, among his other sitters. Lady Stanley, who is Lord Shrewsbury's sister, has just started working in a London shop

Powder is unknown, as, of course, it is in the summer season on the Riviera, when our one aim and object is to get and look as well and brown as possible.

It is a laudable ambition, after all, and ultra-becoming if you have the time and patience to do it thoroughly.

An Interesting Bust

LADY STANLEY OF ALDERLEY, who is working in a decorating shop in Mount Street now, showed us an excellent " bust " of herself the other day, just completed by Mr. J. A. Stevenson, the well-known sculptor.

It is especially interesting as her auburn hair is arranged in the ultra-modern manner that suits her so well, showing the curled plastic fringe that she wears outside her hats.

The artist is engaged now on a " head " of Lady Patricia Latham, who, with her large eyes and expressive features, should also prove an interesting sitter.

Fraternise as One

ENORMOUS interest in the new-married Fairbanks when they appeared at Quaglino's the other day. They were lunching with the Countess of Warwick and Mr. Sam Goldwyn, whose latest picture, *These Three*, was shown privately at a small party given by the Cunningham-Reids recently.

It is the screen version of *The Children's Hour*, which has had an enormous success in New York. Merle Oberon and Miriam Hopkins are in the film, which we hear is " super."

Constance Bennett, very pale and unmade-up, was at this party with her husband. Really, a party is scarcely a party nowadays unless you can produce a new and famous film star to intrigue the guests, and screen and society people fraternise as one.

An Arabian Night's Villa

A GOOD deal of envy went into our farewell waves from the quayside at Dover Harbour last week, for we 'd motored down to see the George Sebastians off on their way home—home, in their case, being a dazzling Arabian night's villa on the North African coast.

The Forbes — Hagan Wedding

Charles James Forbes is Vice-Admiral Sir Charles Forbes's son and Miss Katherine Lederé Hagan is the daughter of Mrs. Harold Armstrong, of London and New York. They were married last week at St. Mark's, North Audley Street

When motoring near Tunis some years ago, Mr. Sebastian, who is Rumanian, stopped at a tiny Arab village called Hammamet, which means " City of the Pigeons," and straightway bought a piece of waste land on the seashore. Here, with Arab labour and infinite patience, he and his American wife built their house in three years with no architect to help them, and now it is one of the most romantic places we know where life seems to be a mirage that might vanish at any moment ! An enormous white room opens on to a patio and a marble swimming-pool enclosed by Moorish arches, beneath which we dined at a black marble table on a memorable evening last summer. For lunch Mrs. Sebastian leads her guests to one of the small white guest houses where her Arab cook conspired to ruin any dieting resolutions we had cherished up to then.

Caravans of Bedouins with their camels and donkeys passing along the beach make a " Garden of Allah " background at sunset as white-robed servants hand round delicious mint-juleps and bunches of freshly-picked jasmine which the Arabs tuck behind their ears.

Pearls for London, Paris, and New York

WHEN at Hammamet Mrs. Sebastian wears some of the old Bedouin jewellery which she has collected on her trips into the desert, and which she likes better than the five rows of immense pearls she keeps for London, Paris, and New York.

She has even had her diamond bracelets taken to piece and reset by Cartier as nearly as possible like a heavy Arab bangle, but her latest acquisition, who left England for ever with her last week, is a friendly black and tan dachshund called Robert, who will certainly cause a minor sensation in North Africa after swiftly enslaving the ordinarily dignified purser and waiters on the cross-Channel steamer, who followed him round the deck with plates of carefully chopped-up roast beef.

Mme. Schiaparelli is going out to stay with the Sebastians at Hammamet, and will probably derive some Arabian inspiration for her autumn collection.

No Signs of Ending

MR. and Mrs. Simon Marks gave a grand cocktail-party for their debutante daughter last week. Their house at Hyde Park Gate is ideal for entertaining, and being the most hospitable couple in the world, they make very good use of it.

Watching the Dogs

Mrs. J. S. Bradford, Miss Joyce Sealy, Captain J. S. Bradford, and Mr. F. E. Dusgate made up this party of four at the White City—to dine on the balcony and watch the greyhound racing

Lord and Lady Ratendone were at this party, and the Marquess and Marchioness of Milford Haven, talking to a girl in a green hat. Yes ; it 's Virginia Cherrill. Mr. and Mrs. Archie Campbell and the Barnatos, who have just celebrated their fourth anniversary ; Lord Scarsdale, Jim Lawrence, and Mrs. " Nick " Prinsep, in a spring-like green suit, were others we saw.

We left well after eight o'clock, and the party showed no signs of breaking up even then.

MISS PEEPS

Sir Robert and Lady Renwick went North for the meeting. Lady Renwick's corduroy coat was a good choice for the first day's weather

Lady Jane FitzRoy, Mr. Parker Bowles, and Miss Helen de Trafford walked round together in the rain and icy-cold wind

Miss Dorothy Paget, whose Golden Miller fell early in the National, and Mrs. Basil Foster sheltered together between races

Grand National Prelude

A Wet and Stormy First Day at Aintree

Lord John Hope, Lord Linlithgow's second son, Lady Durham, and Sir Richard Sykes made a trio of northerners at Aintree. Lord Durham's Spade looked like winning the first race of the meeting but in the end wasn't placed

Lord and Lady Milton were there for the first day of the meeting. The racing was good but the visibility as poor as Liverpool weather can make it

Fayer of Vienna, Dorland House

Lady Cecilia Wellesley

Lady Cecilia Wellesley came out two years ago but won't be twenty till next year. She is Clare Countess Cowley's younger daughter, and a half-sister of the present Earl who lives in Canada. She lives with her mother in Wiltshire—at Seagry House, near Chippenham. Her elder sister is Lady Diana Dixon; she married Daniel Dixon, who is in the Grenadier Guards, in 1933

Second Thoughts on First Nights

Great Was the Fall

"St. Helena" (Daly's Theatre)

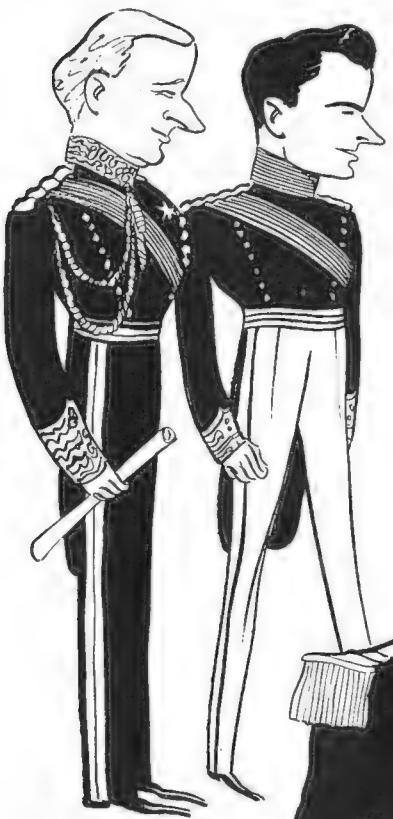
HERE is a play that has won its way through the innumerable obstacles that surrounded its chances of production, to emerge triumphantly on the stage of a West End theatre, where, if the playgoers of London show due appreciation of fine work, it will remain for many months.

So much has been written round and about Napoleon, that it is as unexpected as it is interesting, to find a new light thrown on him by R. C. Sherriff and Jeanne de Casalis who have collaborated in the writing of this play. In a series of scenes extending over the last six years of Napoleon's life, we see the inexorable decay of his mental and physical powers and the gradual manifestation of the innate pettiness of the man who was once the greatest general of modern times.

The fortunes of war brought him as a prisoner to St. Helena, but he did not accept his unfortunate position with the dignity of a great man. He was perforce under the surveillance of Sir Hudson Lowe, Governor of the Island, with whom he persistently maintained a state of friction, which increased in intensity as the years rolled on. He gives, in fact, a deplorable example of a man obstinately determined to cut off his nose to spite his face, depriving himself even of the exercise so necessary to his health rather than submit to the regulations imposed by the Governor, which as a soldier he should have regarded in the light of ordinary routine. No doubt it was a case where much could have been achieved by tact, and Lowe's method of dealing with the situation and his refusal to recognise the royal status of his prisoner was gall to Napoleon's wounded pride.

However, there was consolation to be found in the pathetic little band who followed him into exile and who by their ceremonious observance of Court etiquette, made him feel that, in their eyes at least, he was still their Emperor, and they his loyal subjects.

KENETH KENT'S performance as Napoleon is extraordinarily good and on a different plane to anything he has done before; apart from his complete mastery of the spirit of the part, his diction is perfect, and he possesses in full degree the almost forgotten art of making the softest whisper plainly heard by the whole house. The rest of the very large company give excellent support, and the production by Henry Cass is of the kind that gives the impression of its being the best and only way in which the play could have been presented to its very enthusiastic audience.



Above: two who stayed with their Emperor to the end were Count Bertrand and Count Montholon (Tristan Rawson and Leo Genn)

Right: Keneth Kent in his Old Vic part as the Little Corporal

Sketches by Rouson

Right: Cecil Trouncer plays British bulldog Sir Hudson Lowe — Governor of St. Helena

A Novelist's Play

Another Family Problem Piece

Edith Sharpe is the governess who married her boss

And Ronald Adam is the boss

Left : two young wasters with saving feelings (Elizabeth Western and Robert Flemyng) look up to adopted mother and down on natural mother

Below : April's ideas about maternal intuition show that her maternal intuition is wrong (Beatrix Thompson)

Sketches by Rouson

Second Thoughts on First Nights *(Continued)*

"Wisdom Teeth" (Savoy Theatre)

WITH a few notable exceptions the novelist is not a dramatist, which, after all, is a fair deposition of talent, as it should suffice for the average writer to excel in his or her own line. As a writer of light fiction, Noel Streatfeild is quite admirable, but as a playwright, she is not at present so good, either in construction or dialogue, and her characters are presented with a gesture of " here they are, this is what they are like, take them or leave them ! " which is possibly more acceptable in print ; seeing them in the flesh, one could wish for a more delicate moulding, for they seem in some cases unbelievably crude.

THE Harveys, whose family history is presented to us, part soon after the War ; Gerald (Ronald Adam) divorces April (Beatrix Thompson), who is in love with Hubert Pargitter (Martin Lewis), in such a silly sentimental way, that it is quite a surprise in the second Act to find they have been married for six years and are still reasonably happy together. Meanwhile Gerald has married Ann (Edith Sharpe), his children's governess, a young woman with such lofty ideas about doing the sporting thing, and being always guided by sweet reason, that she is just a prig.

The children, Bill (Robert Flemyng) and Deirdre (Elizabeth Western), have been brought up in a real school-prefect atmosphere, downright honesty and loyalty have been rubbed into them at the expense of manners and charm. With all Ann's high thinking, one cannot but feel there is malice aforethought in the way she eggs the young people on to get in touch with their mother again, which they proceed to do in their own graceless fashion. April overwhelms them with mother-love, and is exceedingly kind and generous to them according to her lights, and their rudeness to her when she does not live up to their youthful ideals is absolutely inexcusable ; and really the mess Deirdre gets herself into by trying to shield Veronica (Monica Disney) her hard-swearing, cocaine-sniffing friend, serves her right.

THE 'prentice hand of the dramatist shows in the number of duologues in the play, some of which are very tedious. Beatrix Thompson as April is cleverly piano, while Elizabeth Western as Deirdre is painfully crescendo. The rest of the cast deals very competently with their various parts ; the setting, particularly the scenes in the Pargitter's flat, is attractive, but there are times when the production seems a trifle fussy. The play was enthusiastically received, which looks as though Ronald Adam on his first West End venture may score a success.

Anthony

"Well, how's the Emperor this morning?"

Gavin Gordon as Napoleon's Irish Doctor

Gavin Gordon joined the cast of *St. Helena* when it moved to Daly's, and gives a clever performance as O'Meara, the indiscreet Irish doctor who was Napoleon's only friend outside his own retinue. Most of his previous stage appearances have been in comic opera and include two villains—Captain de Vavasour in *Pride of the Regiment*, and the Governor of Jamaica in *Jolly Roger*. In the last Drury Lane pantomime, *Jack and the Beanstalk*, he was the villain again. He is also a composer of talent and has written music for four ballets, including the much-praised *Rake's Progress*. He has broadcast, made a concert tour in America, and is an amusing cartoonist, generally at the expense of personalities in the musical world

Racing Calendar

The Whaddon Chase: the Grand Military

The Whaddon Chase—

Valerie, Lady Brougham and Vaux, is with Mr. Philip Kindersley, who rode his Michael into first place in the Members' Lightweight race

—Point-to-Point

Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Osborne, home from India, were at the meeting. Mrs. Osborne was Primrose Salt before her wedding last autumn; her husband is in the Queen's Bays

The Hon. Jean Elphinstone, who is engaged to John Wills, and Miss Sophie Trafford were at Nash, near Bletchley, for the Whaddon Chase meeting

The Grand Military Meeting

Lady Suffield and Mrs. Robert Van den Bergh went down to Sandown on the big day when Sir Peter Grant Lawson's Misdemeanour II. won the Grand Military Gold Cup

Above: Sir Walter and Lady Gilbey were racing together. Lady Gilbey wearing a hat that looked amusingly influenced by her husband's famous curly-brimmed bowler

Right: Lady Londesborough and Mrs. "Boy" Wilson taking the usual between-races walk to the Sandown paddock

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By "The Bystanders"

A LITTLE bored—like you, no doubt—by the pomp and circumstance with which the film moguls keep announcing new building and other plans, we think you might like to know about the splendid new BYSTANDER offices we 've just moved into. They 're five miles high and ten wide, costing £5,000,000,000, seating 75,000,000, paved with lapis-lazuli and panelled with alternate strips of platinum and the skin of the wild pink hartebeeste of Rhodesia.

The main façade has a spire half a mile high, on the point of which a Miss Brinkworth, or Duckworth—we 've never caught her name properly—juggles thrice daily with three pots of caviare and a rubber birdcage. On the roof is a swimming - pool, a race - track, two casinos, a cinema, a rest home, a cage full of enormous tigers, a coal order office, and a Fun Fair. The bell-boys wear solid gold pants. The main marble staircase (786,456 steps) is frescoed by Frank Brangwyn with scenes from the life of Ethel Mannin, each figure twelve feet high.

In the foyer fifty Tiller Girls dance unceasingly, each wearing a hat made from a single pearl. In the centre a silver fountain plays red and white wine. On pressing a jewelled button in the commissionaire's box a panel in the foyer slides back and out steps—who d' you think ?—George Bernard Shaw in person, looking bronzed and fit. By pressing another the nosey visitor is shot down a fumed-oak chute 50 feet to the dungeons below, on which the whole staff assembles in the Mirror Gallery and sings " Land of Hope and Glory," led by a string band of 500 instrumentalists, all tight.

Fifty stained-glass windows light the foyer, depicting the big-game-hunting feats of Auntie James Douglas. The lifts are of ivory and old gold, and each liftman is a coloured M.A. of Oxford.

By pressing a malachite button in the Renaissance Gallery the whole place can be blown to blazes in two seconds to amuse some girl.

The Editor rides about in a chromium steel electric trolley, evenly distributing praise and blame. Six lovely women of high birth attend him constantly, showering roses. Their hats cost £541 each.

In the Books Department A. G. Macdonell has a desk fifteen feet square carved from a single ruby. He himself is eighteen feet long. His room (rose Dubarry and old gold) is half a mile wide and has herbaceous borders, from behind which, on pressing a jade button, there peeps the laughing, wistful face of Beverley Nichols. Six tall negroes in cloth of silver place all reviewed books in a dustbin designed by Eric Gill, beating their breasts and chanting in Arabic.

We don't know if there 's anything else to tell you. The ballroom on the fifth floor cost £8,000,000, and we use it for sulking in. Any other questions ?

Hosting

THE gathering of the O'Brien nation in London the other day at the invitation of its head, Lord Inchiquin, must have been pretty impressive, for O'Briens flourish even in Spain, Holland, and France. Moreover, Lord Inchiquin, unlike a lot of other Irishmen, actually *is* a direct descendant of the great Brian Borumha, High King of Ireland, of whose reign the old Irish song says :

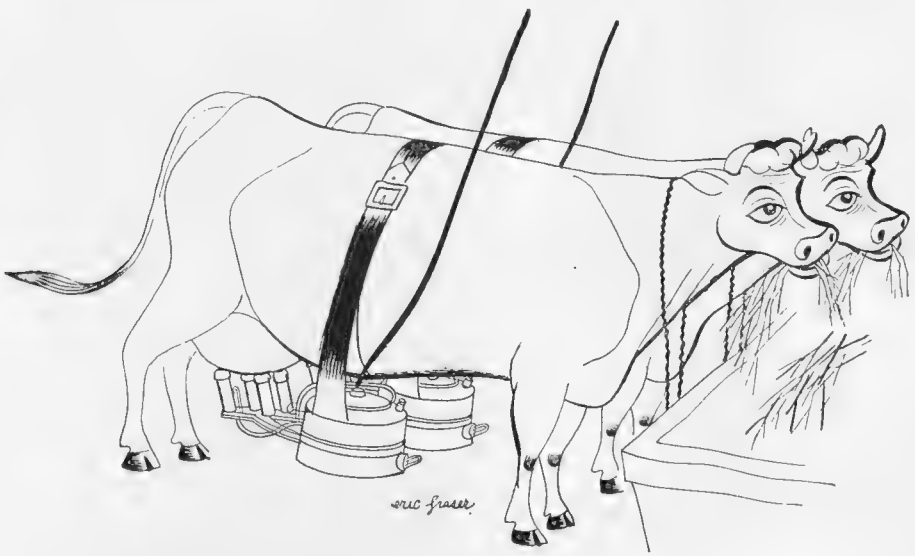
From Tory Island to pleasant Cleena,
Carrying with her a ring of gold,
In the days of Brian, the brilliant, the fearless,
A woman might wander alone through Erin.

The only English clan to compete with the O'Briens in numbers and antiquity must be the Smith nation, and we 'd like to see a great hosting of the Smiths, who occupy twenty pages of the London Telephone Directory and have over a million and a quarter brethren in America alone.

History is full of the glory of the Smiths, who have always done audacious or skilful things, like discovering Virginia (Captain Smith), or smoking enormous cigars (the late Lord Birkenhead), or drowning their brides in baths (the late Mr. J. H. Smith), or writing the Book of Mormon at angelic dictation (Mr. Joseph Smith), or writing whacking great tomes of political economy (Adam Smith). There was even an eighteenth-century Smith (Edmund) who wrote poetry, thus showing that there 's nothing that can abash or quell the old Smith spirit.

They are mighty in council and ruthless to their enemies, kind to animals and women, resolute, haughty, and feared. They are very fine fellows.

So—talking of fine fellows—is M. Clamamus, formerly Maire of Bobigny (France) and now a Red Deputy. No connection of the Smiths, of course, but we put him in because we like the name.



" He was such *a nice man, too "*

Tut, Tut Dept.

If we knew which was the wrong side of our mouth we 'd be laughing on it since the Lord Chamberlain's latest ruling. He has turned down, flat, hard, and irrevocably, two satirical sketches for the new Nelson Keys revue. One was a playful crack at the Two Macs, father and son, a pair of comics who apparently are sacred and inviolable. The other contained among other things, a blameless (and accurate) couplet by Herbert Farjeon :

> Even Hitler had a mother,
> Even Mussolini had a ma.

No wonder the London revue is like a nursery romp or a *Punch* joke compared with that of every other capital in the world. Satirical criticism of any politician or cock-eyed public figure being completely barred on the stage by the Lord Chamberlain, and printed criticism or warning of any financial crook or his ripening schemes being made equally impossible by the British laws of libel, these islands must be the paradise alike of the grafter and the gink, who are lovingly protected, like game-birds in a perpetual close season. Which doesn't prevent a perpetual flow of flubdub about our enviable freedom and liberty from after-dinner speakers, some with wigs, some with the hair God gave them, and some just as bald as coots, and twice as fascinating to listen to.

Where the theatre is free, as in Paris and New York, to satirise those head-line personalities who deserve or invite it, one gets at first a curiously exhilarating feeling of grownupness, which is rather disturbing. Then one realises that after all these people are foreigners and that most of 'em weren't at a very good school, and the exhilaration fades.

"One feels nothing at all — and yet, believe me, I've had people faint"

"He can't stop playing 'The Music Goes Down and Around'"

Such vulgar fun is not for the likes of us, and the discomfort of the realisation of this bitter truth is rather like being thumped slowly to death with a sock full of wet dough on a wet March evening by a toothy female social worker in a Manchester suburb.

Down Agony Lane

Our roving eye was attracted last week by the photograph in a newspaper of a woman in such despair and misery that it pulled us up short. The dumb, listless agony and utter hopelessness of those pale, haggard features, with hands clenched, eyes closed, and head bowed under the bludgeonings of Fate, were really appalling.

Her unhappy head was bowed over a saucepan. She had, it seems, been using a harsh scourer to clean this saucepan with no effect when a kindly woman friend hurried in and, laying a sympathetic hand on her shoulder, urged her to try a well-known cleansing preparation instead. As she spoke, the kind woman's eyes (we could see them) were moist with divine pity. One more tortured human heart soothed and healed ; one more ray of hope athwart the gloom.

But seriously, we thought, the ad. boys are overdoing it, eh ? All this agony over a dirty saucepan—what emotions would the girl have left for a real big crisis ? If her Peke died on her or her husband ran away (say), she 'd be so wornout and spent over the saucepan that she probably couldn't do more than waggle her little finger with faint mewing noises.

We do implore the ad. boys to pipe down a bit on emotional business. It distresses the tender-hearted populace, it creates dubious values, and it is filling the advertising columns with maudlin and distracted women. We can't believe the sales-appeal of the ad. we 've quoted would be any the less efficacious if a cheerful angle had been selected instead. (" Hey ! " shouts the kindly neighbour, seizing the saucepan and giving her morbid friend a merry crack over the head with it, " what 's the idea ? Snap out of it, you dumb cluck ! " Or she might laughingly set the house on fire.)

What we mean is, all this emotionalism is sheer waste, and in addition affords no very pleasant idea of the home-life of the ad. boys. " Hush," say the little ones, " Mummy 's in bed dying. She didn't know Bunko's Best for Baths." What ho !

Nitchevo Dept.

CHARMING as M. Dmitri Shostakovitch may be at home, we think his operatic goings-on are just death, having listened-in doggedly to what seemed hours of *Lady Macbeth of Mtsensk* over the air the other night.

The story seemed to concern a lady of Mtsensk who had more passion (so to speak) than tsensk ; the way she kept brawling was simply appalling, terrific, hair-raising, and tensk.

Unfortunately, as in so much broadcast opera, we got a lot of rather drab conversation as well, sung with great fervour ; passages like " What 's this all about ? " and " Excuse me, I think I 'll go," and at least once, " I 'm tired "—which everybody was. This is generally one of the things which makes opera tolerable. What about that passage in Puccini's *Fanciulla del West* where an impassioned tenor offers somebody a whisky and soda ? But *chez* Shostakovitch, there was a lot of hellish and pretentious noise, as there generally is in Bolshevik music, and about one good dance-tune. On the whole, we didn't think the show worth the time the B.B.C. gave it.

There 's generally unconscious comedy in this pompous kind of work. Just as we switched off *Lady Macbeth of Mtsensk* there was a tenor getting into the lady's bedroom on the pretence of borrowing a book, which seemed to us a delightful idea and one capable of causing great fun and laughter. Imagine a door opening and a terrific baritone executing a cadenza beginning, " Don't move, Mrs. Biddleworth-Hagsby—I merely wanted to borrow Volume II. of Dean Stanley's *Lectures on the Ea-ea-easteRRRN CHURRRRRCH* How amusing ! And how more amusing if it turned out that really *was* why the gentleman was in the room !

Fun Fair

As we expected, the New York production of *Lady Precious Stream* didn't wake much emotion in the breast of Robert Benchley, dramatic critic. Chinese plays involving people rather archly getting on and off an imaginary horse—as so many of 'em do—never move Mr. Benchley to cries of " Sweet," nor do they us. It may mean something subtly poetic and whimsy to the inscrutable East, but it 's the sort of thing you have to be in a certain mood for, we find.

We had an argument over this with a serious lady the other evening, during the course of which we smiled at her through the rungs of an imaginary ladder, just to illustrate how futile the whole thing was. We gave her the ladder afterwards. She could do nothing with it. Fans of this type are as hard to get on with, we find, as the Ibsen gang, now wallowing in their favourite brown mixture at the Criterion.

Ibsen would be amusing to us only if everybody in his plays were permanently drunk, including a Mrs. Hogstad who arrives cheering in a wheelbarrow, scattering oatmeal over the whole party. Just before (for example) the heroine throws herself into the mill-race in *Rosmersholm*, somebody would cry, " Hoi ! Here 's Mrs. Hogstad ! " and some such brisk by-play as this would follow :

MRS. HOGSTAD : Hullo there, saps !

PASTOR KRONK : Hullo yourself, you carefree old haybag.

Mrs. Hogstad is then driven round and round the stage in her wheelbarrow at terrific speed, lashing out at everybody with a bicycle pump and laughing fit to kill. The result of this " rag " is that instead of drowning herself, Rebecca West, or whoever the female is, proposes a general leap-frog, which (as everybody is drunk) brings down the curtain amid howls of mirth. So much for Ibsen, known to his many friends as Little Boy Blue, or the Rats of Norway.

Can anyone tell us, incidentally, why all his female admirers button up the back ?

THE BYSTANDERS.

" Whaddyer know, baby ? "

"After You, Who . . .?"

A New "Bystander" Series of

Celebrities in Cameo

No. 14.

"Pete" Bostwick

GEORGE HERBERT BOSTWICK, owner-rider of Castle Irwell, has been known as "Pete" since he was six years old and acquired a passion for Beatrix Potter's stories about Peter Rabbit and his companion-in-crime, Benjamin Bunny. To-day, at the age of twenty-six, he looks like Gordon Richards and rides like George Duller. He is, indeed, the only amateur in this country who can hold his own with the professionals over hurdles. Every year he comes over from New York and wins at least a dozen races. All told, he has won more than two hundred here and in America, where he also rides on the flat—a pleasure denied him in this country under the rules of the Jockey Club. For three years he has headed the list of winning steeplechase jockeys, both professional and amateur, in the U.S., and last year he was in the Green Tree team which won the open polo championship over there—"Jock" Whitney, Tommy Hitchcock, and Gerald Balding completing the team.

Yes; "Pete" Bostwick is a real play-boy in the literal sense of the word, except that he works harder at his play than most men do at their work. He has a handicap of six at golf. He is a real tennis fan, and he trains his own steeplechasers, which is the only job of work he does. But, after all, says this nephew of Mrs. Ambrose Clarke and grandson of the founder of the Standard Oil fortune, it is silly to work if you don't have to, and, in any case, if you do you are only taking a job away from someone else who needs it.

AMONG his best performances here under the National Hunt rules have been the winning of the Lingfield Cup; the Imperial Cup and the Foxhunters'. In England he stays at Claridge's, but spends half his time riding at Wroughton. His pretty wife, of course, thinks he takes far too much exercise, especially as he weighs less than nine stone in all his clothes and without going into training. In America his headquarters are at Westbury, Long Island. But with the exception of Sunday afternoons in London he finds that nothing ever bores him. In his opinion Becher's Brook is the most difficult jump at Aintree, just as the Chair Jump is, of course, the biggest. The previous time he rode in the Grand National he fell on Dusty Foot at the Canal Turn second time round. "Pete" Bostwick is barely five-feet-four, has abnormally good eyesight, no nerves at all, and very strong arms. (Oh, yes, he plays squash rackets, too.) When he gets up, just before the Grand National, he becomes very silent. For the rest of the time he talks horses decisively and very confidently. He says he has never known a polo pony stay on the field a moment longer than it has to do; that he himself prefers fences to hurdles; that he thinks Fulke Walwyn our best amateur; and that he finds thirteen is lucky to him.

In addition, he likes driving cars pretty fast, dislikes theatres and mayonnaise, and is very proud of his son and heir.

Charles Graves

Clouds Over Chelsea: A Spring-Day Study by Norman Parkinson

Films of the Day

Magnificent Incredibility : By George Campbell

THE film world is full of queer contrasts. Just consider J. M. Stahl, of Hollywood, and Marcel Pagnol, of France. Mr. Stahl is famous as the director of Fannie Hurst's *Back Street* and *Imitation of Life*, *Only Yesterday*, and so on. M. Pagnol is not famous for anything. Mr. Stahl's pictures generally cost from £150,000 to £200,000, and take three or four million dollars at the box-office. M. Pagnol is lucky if his pictures bring in the £10,000 they cost. Mr. Stahl, in making *Magnificent Obsession*, took two years, a million dollars, six thousand actors, and a de luxe staff of writers, artists, and technicians. M. Pagnol, in making *Merlusse*, wrote the story, produced and directed the picture, used his own money, hired one professional actor and roped in amateurs for the minor rôles. Mr. Stahl shot nearly a million feet of film—which means that if all the celluloid, including sound-track, were laid end to end it would stretch from London to Peebles, and would take ninety-six hours to run through the projector. M. Pagnol had to study every centime, and shot only what he believed he would actually use.

The net result of it all is that Mr. Stahl has made a fortune, and M. Pagnol has made a picture.

Henri Poupon in "Merlusse"

"Merlusse" (at the Curzon) is all about a French lycée and a grim, hated schoolmaster (Henri Poupon) who ends by liking his boys as they learn to like him. Marcel Pagnol, who directed this delightful film, was a schoolmaster himself until a few months ago

"MAGNIFICENT OBSESSION," like *Back Street* and *Only Yesterday*, is purest Beeton. Here are the well-tried recipe, the expensive ingredients, the highly-trained chef. Take an attractive young woman, show her falling in love with a handsome man for whom she gives up everything, show her deserted and lonely and ill, but happy in the consciousness of self-sacrifice for love, and there you have the foundation of a best-seller in fiction and a smash hit on the screen. The formula has served Fannie Hurst, and it has served Mr. Stahl, and I don't doubt it will go on working like a charm long after Aldous Huxley's smellies and feelies have displaced television.

A few improbabilities don't matter. *Magnificent Obsession*, for instance, is full of odd coincidences. A young wife (Irene Dunne) comes home to find that her middle-aged doctor-husband has died of heart failure while swimming because the pulmotor (if that be the correct name for the machine that artificially induces respiration) has been sent across the lake for use on a drunken millionaire playboy who has chosen this moment to fall into the lake.

This coincidence is fair enough, and one can't object to the young man being brought for treatment to the dead doctor's hospital, since there is no other handy. But when he takes the doctor's widow for a joy-ride and involves her in another accident, it would surely begin to dawn on her that here is one dark stranger best avoided.

ON the screen she falls in love with him, notwithstanding the fact that the accident has blinded her. Mr. Stahl, like the expert confectioner he is, shows us Miss Dunne, looking pretty and pathetically brave, being led across the street by a companion, and taught Braille by a little child, while the hero stands aside and watches in bitter self-reproach.

But wait—she drops her parasol, he picks it up and starts chatting, and, oddly again, she does not recognise his voice. When he speaks of his wasted life and What Might Have Been, carelessly letting drop the fact that he had begun to study medicine before surrendering to the Demon Rum, you know what to expect. The greatest experts in London, Berlin, Vienna, may shake their grey heads and agree that the case is hopeless: you know better. Sooner or later the hero will do the trick.

Even when he proposes honourable matrimony and the heroine runs away so that she will not be a white man's burden, you do not despair. A carping critic might object that a blind American girl travelling from Paris should not be impossible to trace when you can hire the best detectives, and you are making her an allowance, and she goes right back to her home town way down in old Virginny, anyway; but, after all, time has to be gained somehow for a little cramming in ophthalmic science.

SIX years pass by, and all in all, the blind girl with a breaking heart has a pretty thin time. The drunken playboy comes back from Vienna, now a famous surgeon who has won the Nobel Prize by his contributions to science. Assuming he was halfway through his course when he fell in the lake, this gives him about three years to finish qualifying, and three years to contribute to science and win the Nobel Prize: which shows what Love will do.

By this time poor Miss Dunne is at death's door. Momentarily, as he looks down at her, the hero's nerve fails him, the scalpel shakes in his hands, the other surgeon takes his place. But you know your movies. "You can't fail her now," says the hero's good angel. And he can't. He pushes the other surgeon aside, the operation is performed, and soon she is able to carry on an animated conversation and intimate that sight is returning. Comes a new and better Dawn.

"MERLUSSE" has no love story. The characters are boys at a Marseilles school: the story told actually happened. It is Christmas Eve, and most of the boys have been called for by parents. Fifteen or twenty are left, smoking in corners, showing a first love-letter, and doing all the other silly things boys do the world over. By the time the story ends on Christmas morning you feel you know them like your own family. As for Merlusse, the master with the terrible blind eye, here is one of the most original characters the screen has ever given us: dramatically effective and deeply moving, because essentially true to life.

M. Pagnol has made a distinguished picture with no resources but his own: his next will be awaited by at least one critic with curiosity and impatience. He should go far.

But not to Hollywood.

"Magnificent Obsession"

The rich young surgeon (Robert Taylor) has just operated on the woman who loves him (Irene Dunne), and gives her back the sight she lost in a motor accident. The other girl is Betty Furness, who plays the heroine's stepdaughter. "Magnificent Obsession" had a gala première at the Regal, but hasn't found much favour with the critics

Claire plays the Balalaika to Jean and Polly

The Luce Sisters at Home

Claire, Polly and Jean in a New Flat

Jean and Claire learn the Jew's Harp

Polly Luce is at the Piano, Claire and Jean at her Side

The music goes round and round Claire Luce's new flat in Berkeley Square, it appears: the first stop is the balalaika—Claire visited Russia before she became an ultra-blonde ray in *Follow the Sun*; the second stop is the Jew's harp, with Jean to hold the Original Illustrated Self-Instruction Course (Jean is sixteen and makes her stage debut soon); the third stop is the piano, played by Polly, who has temporarily abandoned the Stage owing to illness. The music she is playing looks more classical than tunes made famous by Claire Luce when she danced with Fred Astaire two years ago in *The Gay Divorce*

Ann Todd as the Younger Daughter

Solange, the younger daughter, is a hard-hearted little piece, and likes her men to be strong, sporting, and rich

Ralph Richardson as the Father, Robert Harris as the Wo

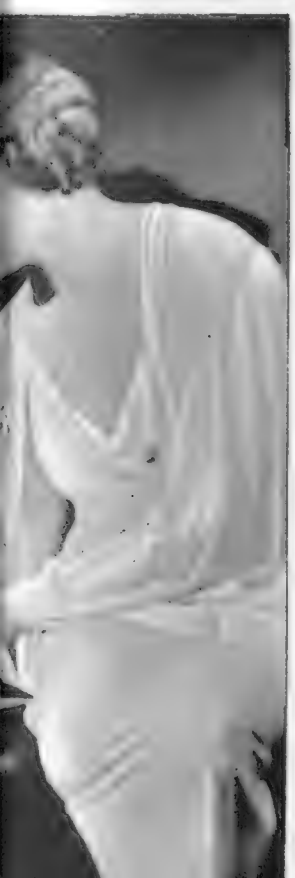
" You 're right. It is my daughter's engagement that but you are right to marry Catherine, I 'm sur

HENRI BERNSTEIN'S *Promise* is a splendid theatre-piece, both as to situation and dialogue, and splendidly acted at the Shaftesbury in its English version by H. M. Harwood. It 's a five-sided comedy in a French family setting, but with a pull-devil, pull-baker of temperaments that 's relevant to any English home. Madge Titheradge gives an overwhelming performance as the dominating, unhappy, nerve-ridden Madame Delbar who adores one of her daughters and is bored with and hostile to the other. Edna Best plays Cinderella with great understanding and, in her scenes with Robert Harris, great charm. He, as the young artist who is engaged to Solange and falls in love with Catherine, and Ann Todd, as Solange, are both excellent. And then there is Ralph Richardson as the bewildered pathetic Monsieur Delbar, a most delicate character sketch that 's not less impressive by comparison with his noisy " Boss " in *Things to Come*

Family Pentagon

The Five Characters in Henri Bernstein's "Promise"

l-Be Son-in-Law
broken,
f that"



Left: the Supper Scene

"The champagne is perfect—and absolutely still!"

Robert Harris and Edna Best

Madge Titheradge as the Mother, Edna Best as Her Elder Daughter

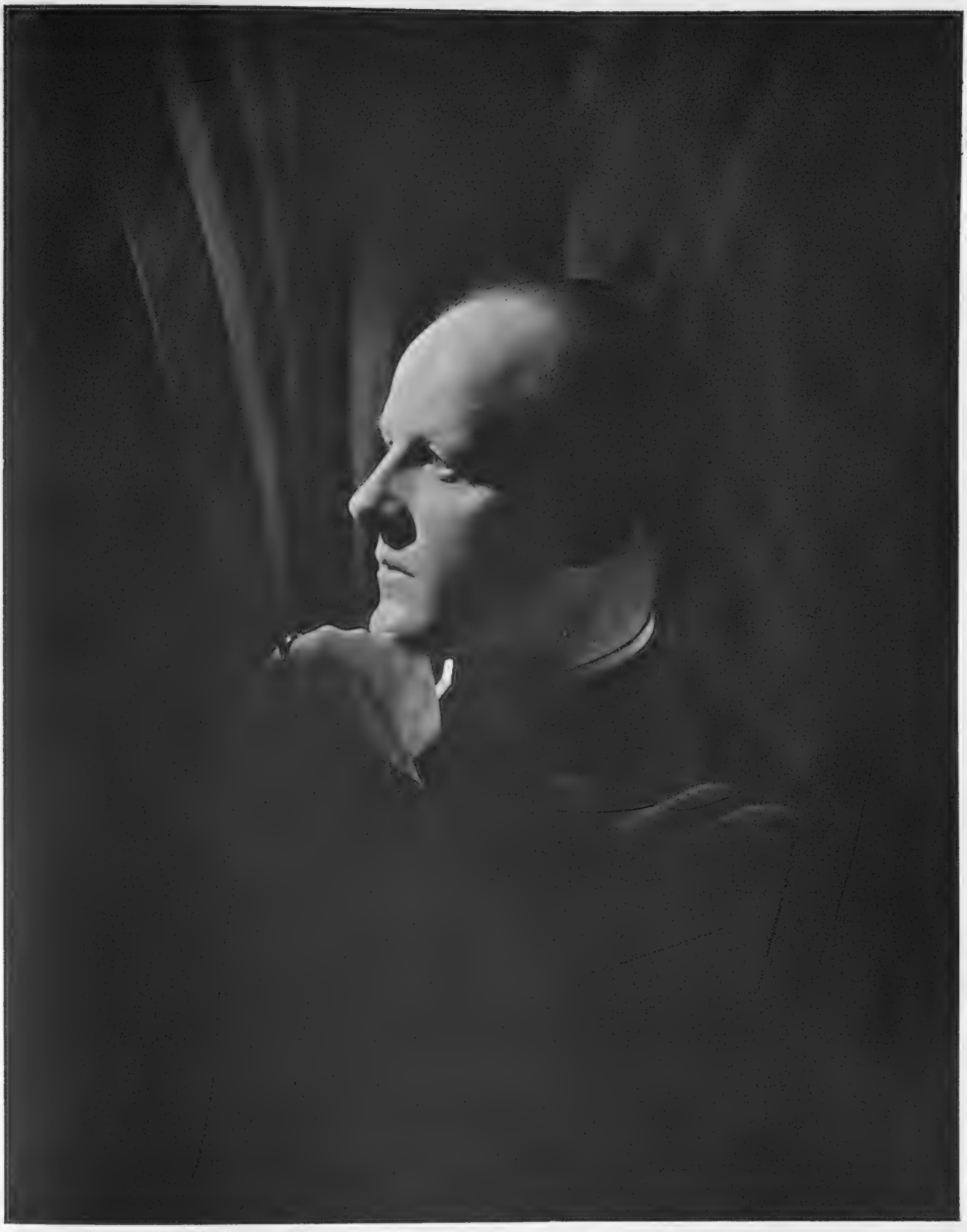
"Mother, I have known for a long time that you don't love me; perhaps it is my fault. But you can't want to make me have an unhappy life"

Dance Team

Walter Crisham and Florence Chumbecos

Photographs by Anthony

WALTER CRISHAM and Florence Chumbecos are a new and attractive dance combination to watch when the restaurant floor is cleared for cabaret. Since they teamed up, not long ago, they've appeared at the May Fair and for two weeks at the Café de Paris. They are both American and have both made a name over here as talented soloists. Florence Chumbecos is lovely, with an exquisitely shaped and poised head; she made her London debut in "Stop Press," dancing in the Cuban scene with Robert Helpmann, and also appeared with him at the Dorchester. In America she danced with Fred Astaire on Broadway, in a show called *Bandwagon*. Walter Crisham looks like a faun, and as a dancer is clever, sophisticated, original. He first appeared in *Ballyhoo*, was in *Nymph Errant* with Gertrude Lawrence, *Hi-Diddle-Diddle* with June, and numerous charity cabarets with Lady Plunket. And from to-night, he's in *Spread It Abroad* at the Saville, dancing with Dorothy Dickson



Howard Coster

Leon Goossens — a Great Oboist

Leon Goossens is probably the best oboe player in the world; the sort of instrumental pioneer for whom composers write concertos. Two have been written for him; one by Eugene Goossens, his composer-conductor brother, and the other by Gordon Jacobs. The latter Goossens played in Manchester the other day at a Hallé concert which Beecham conducted. Next Sunday he is playing as a soloist at one of Mrs. Ralli's British Artists concerts at the Hyde Park Hotel. Apart from his too rare solo appearances, he plays in the London Philharmonic Orchestra, in which his sister, Leonie Goossens, is a harpist. He is the son of Eugene Goossens, senior, ex-conductor of the Carl Rosa Opera Company; married Leslie Burrows, the dancer, and lives in Chelsea

To and Fro

Some Arrivals and Departures

From Leicestershire to Inverness

Lord and Lady Furness flew to Scotland for the week-end, from Burrough Court at Melton Mowbray, where they live, to Inverness in just over three hours. They went in their own twin-engined "Dragon," with their own pilot, and were photographed as they landed at the Longman Airport at Inverness

From Ireland to London

Lord and Lady Charles Cavendish came over from Lismore Castle for the Grand National, and were photographed at Paddington. They were in America from just before Christmas till the other day

From London to Lancashire

Isobel Jeans, Ivor Novello, and Vivien Leigh are the stars of "The Happy Hypocrite," the Max Beerbohm-Clemence Dane show that's coming to His Majesty's on the 8th. They were just leaving Euston for Southport in Lancashire where the play started its preliminary run last Monday week

From England to the Riviera

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Perry (Helen Vinson) were photographed at Victoria as they left for the South of France and Fred Perry's first appearance in European tennis this year. He is to play in the Beau Site and the Cannes tournaments but not in the singles

Howard Marshall on "Rugger"

The End of a Fine Season

So another Calcutta Cup match is over, and the season declines quietly to its close. We still have the Seven-a-Side Tournament at Twickenham, to be sure, and the Rugby Union, in their wisdom, have decreed that play may continue into May, much to the confusion and irritation of club secretaries.

It has been, on the whole, an eventful season, and in some ways a memorable one. A queer mixture of good and evil, I should call it, with some really encouraging football mixed with some very sad stuff like the second half of the Calcutta Cup match itself.

What went wrong that afternoon I don't know. England started with a grand flourish, and scored one of the best tries we have seen at Twickenham for a long time, apart from purely individual efforts like those astonishing efforts of Obolensky's against New Zealand. Sever ran grandly, and to my mind he is the wing three-quarter of the year, with Obolensky a good second. What is so impressive about Sever is his calmness in difficulty, and to this he adds, over and above his magnificent determination and his strong running, an all-round competence which makes him the ideal man for the big occasion.

ANYWAY, Sever banged away at the Scottish line, and sent Bolton in for a try, England pressed steadily, Cranmer and Candler scored, Scotland seemed beaten to a frazzle, and then suddenly England went to bits. Possibly we must add that Scotland had a hand in this unexpected disintegration, and during the Scottish rally it was merely one keen side holding another. This rally died away, however, during the second half, and Toft hooked like a wizard, and England were getting the ball in the tight, the loose and the line-out.

Gadney, indeed, was able to shoot a steady stream of passes to Candler, and there the matter ended. Again let us pay tribute to the Scottish defensive covering, but even so England should have scored four or five tries with some ease. There was simply no constructive mid-field football at all, and the unfortunate wings were given no chances.

This was disappointing. If England had only carried on as she began, we might have seen some classic football to remind us of the New Zealand match. As it was, we were forced to seek for explanations of England's inconsistency. I am inclined to think that there was an element of staleness about it, but I fancy also there is a need for more careful tactical direction behind the scrummage. When a team includes wing three-quarters like Sever and Obolensky they should be used. Strategy should bring them into the picture, but there was precious little strategy about England's mid-field attack. England merely bashed away at the centre, and left the wings to fend for themselves, and that is hardly the way to win matches.

BUT there—England just managed to win, and Scotland are left with the wooden spoon, an unenviable trophy, but many worse sides have held it in the past. I persist in thinking that Scotland were potentially a good enough side, but at Twickenham they were beaten forward, and their defence in the centre was patchy. They did not hold England firmly enough; somehow they failed to crack into the game with the full Scottish fervour. One or two of their forwards were grand, Waters in particular, and Waters certainly is one of the players of the year.

But I have said that this has proved in some ways a memorable season, a claim which must be substantiated. First of all, we had the New Zealand tour making history for us, and very interesting it was. And Wales and England both beat New Zealand in remarkable games, with the Welsh match outstanding for excitement and brilliant opportunism, one of the great matches of all time.

I'm not sure that we have learnt a great deal from the New Zealanders. Certainly we have not applied any knowledge we may have gained. The short pass from the scrummage, with all it implied in attack, was their main contribution to our study of theory, but our international sides are faithful to the long pass and the orthodox movement. Here I am prepared to argue that we might have learnt a lesson, or at least made experiments. Their 3-4-1 scrummage did not influence us much, though here and there teams have tried it out, not with any impressive success.

THEN there was the grand Irish effort to win the international championship outright, an effort made possible largely by the finest pack of forwards in the four countries. I should rate J. A. Siggins the best scrummaging forward of the year without a question.

It has been good to see this Irish pack in action. Almost it has made us feel that forward play is on the up-grade again, and that is a cheerful reflection. And we may strengthen it by remembering that when Wales beat Ireland by a penalty goal the Welsh forwards held their own against the Irishmen, so that Ireland have no monopoly of fine scrummagers.

THEN we may recall the brilliant play of the Welsh backs, collectively in the Welsh team, and individually in club matches, and that notable victory of Swansea's against New Zealand when we watched, with incredulous excitement, the famous All Blacks being beaten by a better team.

The running of Sever and Obolensky, the promise in particular of Tanner and Davies of Wales, the gallant challenge made by Northumberland in the County Championship—these are the sort of memories we shall carry with us through the summer, and I, for one, have great hopes of the season which begins next September.

The Last International of the Season

Ken Fyfe has missed him, Kerr has got him too late, Obolensky is ready on his inside—Candler scores the second of England's three unconverted tries which led Scotland's goal and penalty goal by a point in the Calcutta Cup match at Twickenham

The photographer has caught a moment of the Twickenham match which might baffle the experts: Logan has the ball; Candler (who seems to be obstructed) is trying to intercept or tackle; Dunkley is holding back Weston by the shirt (possibly to prevent an offside), while the majority of both packs is still looking for the ball. Lucky that the referee (T. H. Phillips) is in a blind spot

Lady Joan Isaacs

Lady Joan Isaacs is eighteen, the elder daughter of the second Marquess and Marchioness of Reading, and grand-daughter of the late peer. Lord Reading, following his distinguished father's footsteps, was called to the Bar; he took silk in 1929 when still Viscount Erleigh. Joan Isaacs' mother is a sister of Lord Melchett

Miss Jean Urquhart

Jean Leslie Urquhart is the only daughter of Mrs. Leslie Urquhart. Her brother, Kenneth, married Ruby Nevill—a niece of Lady Abergavenny—in 1932. Mrs. Leslie Urquhart, who lives at 48, Prince's Gate, is going to give a dance for her daughter on July 1st

Debutantes of 1936

Three of the Foremost

Lady Mary Rose FitzRoy

Right: Lady Mary Rose FitzRoy was born in the Armistice year and comes out during the social interregnum. She is the sister of the Duke of Grafton, and daughter of the late Viscount Ipswich. Her sister Jane came out two years ago and goes to most out-door functions nowadays

Photographs by Lenare and Yevonde

"Bystander" Short Story No. 31

Coincidence :

By John Lang

Illustration by Cyril Holloway

"Now she seemed twice as large, her head thrown up, her mouth open—snarling almost . . ."

"SPOOKS, spiritualists, and fortune-tellers are all right for women, I tell you," said Rockson, "but I don't believe a word of it. Look at the poor deluded fools who pay shillings, half-crowns, or what not to be told just what they expect and want to hear. I tell you——"

"Waiter—same again," said Elmswood, calmly interrupting what had developed into a one-sided and very dogmatic outburst on Rockson's part.

"You may not believe it, but if it would interest you fellows I 'll tell you something I saw and heard which needs a little explaining away."

We were interrupted by the arrival of Lame Walker, the oldest of the Club waiters, with our drinks. He got his at Mons, I believe. Elmswood never said much, but when he did begin we usually piped down. Travelled, bronzed, and well-turned out, he looked, and was, a man to command respect.

"True, I have never paid my bob or what not to be told whether I shall grow wings or shovel coal, but many years ago I was up in Kedah on the Siamese frontier, in a little village at which few white men ever called. Actually I was looking for an El Dorado tin mine, and though I didn't find it, I still believe it exists.

"My headquarters were at Tikum Batu. As I was using several of the villagers as guides and carriers, I was an accepted guest at any gatherings, anniversaries, funerals, marriages, and the like. Hadji Abdul Raman, the Head Man, was a grand old chap with a grey, grizzly beard and drooping moustache, who wore, well back on his head, a white fez, lace-edged, token of the fact that he had made the pilgrimage to Mecca, and was honoured by all.

"His family was a large one, even by native standards—five strapping sons, and four daughters. They, with their respective wives and husbands, made a big household, and one more or less for the evening meal made little or no difference. One of the sons would call at my camp, situated on the banks of the river, only a hundred yards or so out of the village, and invite me to supper. Not ordinary suppers, but special ones, such as when Mat, his youngest brother, and the cleverest huntsman of the family, had caught a plandau or mouse-deer.

"Squatting cross-legged on the floor in a circle, with a large brass tray piled high with rice and flanked on either side by two smaller ones of curry, the whole family set to. There were only two things European that one could see. The first an enormous brass bedstead—Hadji Abdul's pride and joy, which occupied one end of the room—and the enamel plates off which we ate.

"Hadji, bare to the waist, with his sarong tucked around his knees, pulled a large parong out of its sheath and cut up the deer, handing me first a great portion. The rice we dipped into with our fingers, and piled up on our plates, and the feast went merrily. It is astonishingly easy, after but little practice, to eat with one's fingers, and for some reason or other a curry seems to taste better that way.

"As bellies swelled, conversation would grow more general, and appreciative lips were smacked.

"It was at one of these feasts that I heard of the intended visit of an old woman—so old, they said, that she was a grandmother in the days when Siam extended almost to Penang : so wise that she knew everything ; could see into the future ; could see back to the days when the Malays first crossed the straits from Sumatra and drove back the Sakais.

"Young girls were probably her greatest source of income, asking in private if they would marry their heart's desire, and I dare say, on the quiet, the old lady would pass out potent concoctions to encourage a lagging swain.

"I had been away from my camp for three days, and so missed her arrival, but on my return there was no mistaking that something unusual was happening.

"A large and imposing new house had made its appearance. Raised on stilts in the usual Malayan manner, some six or eight feet off the ground, with a floor of split bamboo and walls of the same material plaited and woven into panels and thatched with attap, these houses could be built in a couple of days when wanted in a hurry.

"Almost before I had had time to bath and change, no less than Hadji himself called me to a feast, and 'Afterwards,' he said, '—well, we shall see, Tuan.'

"So, at about 7.30, dressed in a sarong, shoes—or rather, native sandals—and a cricket shirt, I strolled over to the Kampong, sheltered under coconut trees fully a hundred feet in height, and easily found my way by the leaping firelight in front of the new house.

"The fire was constantly fed, seemingly by all the small boys of the village, dressed only in sarongs rolled round and round their middles and reaching just to their knees. Fed with coconut husks and dead branches which had fallen from the tall trees overhead.

"As each leaf was thrown on, flames and sparks leapt high, and shrieks of delight came from the admiring youngsters. They were scattered for a few moments by some of their elders on my approach, but after a minute their high spirits overcame their shyness and they were back at the fire again.

"First to Hadji's house, all decked out with garlands as though for a wedding, and on the verandah, seated in a circle, were all the elders of the village, talking and eating betel-nut, busy spitting the red juice through the cracks in the bamboo floor—which, by the way, was where all refuse went, and a happy hunting-ground underneath for chickens.

"A few minutes after my arrival we were called inside, and we men sat and ate, served by the giggling maidens of the house. Curry was followed by rice cakes dipped in honey or molasses, and washed down with tea vaguely tasting of paraffin. By ten o'clock everyone was feeling extremely well-fed, and we walked over to the new house.

"Each as he mounted the steps threw a coin into a receptacle placed there for the purpose, and we sat cross-legged on the floor. In the front the elders, the younger generation behind, and then the women—some with babies at their breast, and all with multi-coloured sarongs over their heads—in theory covering their faces as Mahommed had ordained, but in reality

(Continued on page 30)

Coincidence *(Continued)*

showing them off to the best advantage. Black flashing eyes, and if perchance a sarong should slip, it was to show a good-looking face. The older ones, and those married, did not make the usual play of eyes as did the younger ones. Everyone was happy and expectant, and a subdued buzz of conversation went on, until a curtain parted at the end of the room and there hobbled forth the oddest and oldest creature I have ever seen.

" Bent double, with head low, and gnarled fingers clutching a stout stick, she tottered into the middle of the now-silent circle.

" Frightened cries were heard as scared youngsters clutched their mothers, and only the big round peeping eyes of some of them could be seen as they tried to hide. Everyone looked serious.

" After all, it *was* serious. The elders, wise in their generation, still wanted weather forecasts for their crops. For the maidens, their very future might depend on what they saw and heard that night.

" Crooning to herself, with her stick laid across her knees, the old woman rocked slowly backwards and forwards. A pot of sweet-smelling herbs smouldered before her, and on to it, from time to time, she threw a powder which flared up for a second or two, and cast eerie dancing shadows on the wall.

" Glistening faces and expectant eyes were lit for a second, only to die back into the shade once more.

" Slowly the old woman stopped swaying, and seemed to double up more and more until she was almost a ball. And then she commenced to mumble—quietly at first, quickening faster and faster—too fast for me to follow. Then she stopped, and Hadji threw a coin on to the mat in front of her, and said :

" ' Old Mother, wise Old Mother, tell us what you see in our field.'

" ' I see many buffaloes ploughing ; I see small fields of sprouting paddy, green and green ; I see the waters drying off, and stacks of grain higher than you have seen for years. . . . I see floods ; I see this village washed away before many moons are over, so that only the tops of the coconut trees show above the waters, with bodies floating down the torrent.'

" An involuntary intake of breath, while each his neighbour turned one to the other. Frightened mothers clutched their children closer, and the old men looked deep into one another's eyes.

" ' You lie ! ' screamed one young man—but she heard him not, and he was silenced by a look from Hadji.

" I, too, felt the solemnity—the warning—the truth.

" So, one after another, questions were asked. ' What of Awang, who had gone over the seas to Mecca ? Was all well with him ? ' ' Was Matsu, who had gone to see life in Singapore, well, as it was some weeks since word had been heard from him ? '

" Silence for a while, while it seemed her spirit was searching Singapore ; and then, ' Mat is dead. Dead by the knife.'

" A shriek from the questioner, his mother, long since a widow, and she was led outside wailing, accompanied by her relatives.

" Good news of Putai, who had married a man in the Province. And—yes, her baby would be born that night. A man-child, too.

" ' Tuan, would not you desire to ask something ? ' asked Hadji, at whose side I sat. It seemed absurd to think for a moment that this woman could answer as she had ; that they could believe her, but I had had ample assurance that she was always right. All the questions except one had been about people in their own country. So, feeling awkward, I asked after my father's health. He was far enough away, at our home in Sussex.

" Again that silence, then—' Tuan, prepare thyself. Thy father died this day.'

" It was a terrible shock. Sympathetic glances were thrown my way from everyone, and Hadji's hand rested quietly and affectionately on my shoulder.

" Reason refused to accept it, but my blood told me she did not lie.

" After a minute or so I said to myself that it *couldn't* be true, and tried to put the belief of it out of my head.

" It seemed as though this was to be the end of the séance—but no ! The old woman edged slowly backwards, and the circle broke, giving way to her until she reached the corner. Startled, frightened looks came into the onlookers' faces, and Hadji whispered in my ear : ' Watch, Tuan. She is going to change spirits with a rimou—a tiger. Perhaps soon you will believe that she is different from all others.'

" I looked up to the ceiling, some twelve feet above me, at the lamp suspended from it, which flickered in a lazy breeze, and then again to her. Those nearest were leaning back, pressed on their neighbours, getting as far away from her as they could. Some slipped down the steps into the night. Mothers hurried out, clutching their babies, with a scared backward glance, and fathers held their younger sons to their breast.

" The silence was one that could be felt—oppressive. Perspiration burst out on our foreheads, and tongues licked dry lips.

" Slowly at first the figure seemed to grow, her spare frame to fill out, as she squatted on her heels as a change from her previous attitude.

" In the still night nothing stirred. The lamp now burnt with a straight and unwavering flame, and the air seemed full of something . . . but what ?

" Suddenly the peace was broken by the roar of a tiger far, far away in the jungle, seeming louder because of the death-like stillness around us, although I dare say in reality it was at least a couple of miles away—but now it sounded as though it was on the edge of the kampong, on the outskirts of the village. It died down to a whimper, almost of fear, and we whose eyes had for a moment involuntarily

(Concluded on page vi)

Social Courage

By Rose Henniker Heaton

No. 3

Mrs. A. and Mrs. B. are old friends and rivals and have had many minor encounters. Mrs. A. makes up her mind to ruin Mrs. B.'s next dinner party, and the opportunity occurs when oysters are the first dish on the menu. Mrs. A. calls down the table : " Oh, darling, I know you would like me to tell you my oyster had such a funny flavour. It would be terrible if we were all poisoned ! "

Mrs. A. knows perfectly well the oysters are quite fresh and has only said this to make trouble among the nervous guests.

Query. What should Mrs. B. do?

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

Black and white silk crêpe strewn with Chinese pagodas makes this charming ensemble, a member of the Younger Set Department at Harrods, Knightsbridge. The frock is quite plain, with elbow sleeves and a severe neckline softened by a butterfly jabot in black taffeta. Knife pleats lend width to the skirt, while the coat is wrist length with full sleeves. It has a pronounced backward swing, and the price is only 7½ guineas. A simple hat in black ballibuntal with a stitched crown and curved brim completes the scheme. Tailored suits in printed silk are favoured by many designers this season. The majority have short coats with a curved waistline, wide revers and built-up shoulders. Flared basques are also introduced, while skirts remain short, straight and narrow

Photograph by Dover Street Studios

For Players and Spectators Alike

Practical skirts that bear the name of County-X are designed for sports and country wear in general. They are sold by all houses of prestige and are admirably tailored. The one pictured above is carried out in brown and beige tweed with a shaded check, and yellow fleck. It is cut with four godets in the reverse way of the material, and only costs one guinea. The swing coat which accompanies it is of shorn lamb dyed chestnut

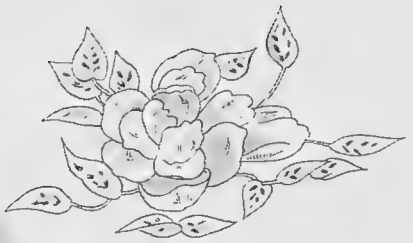
Another County-X skirt in home-spun is seen on the right. It is ideal for golf as it opens up the front, and has a semi-detached panel which affords complete freedom. The back is perfectly plain, and it costs 30s. There are also trouser skirts in grey flannel for two guineas, and delightful coats and cardigan suits in tweed and honeycomb mixtures. Should there be any difficulty in obtaining these, application should be made to County-X, 3, Vere Street, Oxford Street, who will send the name and address of the nearest agent

The BYSTANDER TWINS

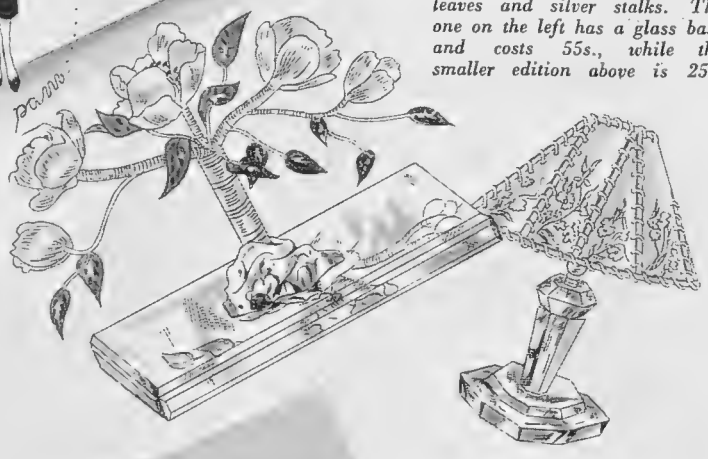
discovered by peta

IN SEARCH OF NOVELTIES

pictured by pam



Water lilies in frosted glass make decorative table centres, and Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, are showing some lovely sprays with green leaves and silver stalks. The one on the left has a glass base and costs 55s., while the smaller edition above is 25s.



Glass reading lamps with artistic shades may also be seen at Debenham and Freebody. This one has a transparent shade painted with sprays of almond blossom, while the thonging is worked with synthetic glass

Spanish shawls are back again, and should be worn thrown over one shoulder and drawn tightly over the hips. The one below has a black ground embroidered in the loveliest colours imaginable. It is bordered with a long silk fringe, and may be seen at Liberty's, Regent Street

Crisp black and white taffeta is used for this amusing blouse from Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street. It is designed for afternoon or evening wear, and is noticeable for its wide satin stripes and exaggerated sleeves

The old-fashioned marabou capes which were considered so smart in by-gone days, are now being worn by debutantes. The one below is available in many lovely colours, and may be seen at Marshall and Snelgrove

The new Shoe Shine glove will prove a boon to travellers, as it is studded with concentrated polishing cream on one side, while the other is left free for rubbing. It is made in a variety of colours, and costs 1s. at Marshall and Snelgrove

The "Bystander" Bookshelf: By A. G. Macdonell

Filibustering in the East

THE story of Samuel White, who was born in the West of England somewhere about the year 1650, and who became a mandarin under the King of Siam, and levied war on the East India Company, is surely one of the most remarkable of all the stories about English adventurers upon the Seven Seas. It is told for the first time by Mr. Maurice Collis in *Siamese White* (Faber and Faber; 15s.). White's first job in his amazing career was in the service of the East India Company at Madras, but he soon crossed the Bay of Bengal to the Burmese and Siamese side, where he met the mysterious Levantine trader, Phaulkon, with whom he formed a most lucrative alliance. At first White worked loyally for the Company, and by ingratiating himself with the King of Siam, and thereby increasing the flow of trade, gave satisfaction all round. But the two men soon perceived that there was more money to be made by working for themselves than by working for London, and they used all their influence at the Siamese Court to eject the Company, and in this they were entirely successful. Thenceforward the pace became fast and furious. White, with the protection of Phaulkon in the background, soon developed into the champion filibuster of the Bay of Bengal. Ships and cargoes were seized, scenes of violence were frequent. When the Malays rebelled against the King and his Greek dictator, White helped to suppress the revolt, and was offered the Prime Ministership of Siam as a reward. Being a prudent man, however, as well as a filibuster, he declined to undertake such a risky job. At last London could stand White no longer, and the East India Company borrowed frigates from the Government and despatched an expedition to capture him. The final scenes of this tale are full of murder, massacre, treachery and wholesale robbery. White was seized and brought back to India after extraordinary adventures, but with characteristic skill and effrontery, he succeeded in escaping for England with an immense harvest of cash and jewels, and it was typical of his luck that by the time he reached home, the Stuarts had been ejected, the Whigs were in power, and the great Monopolist East India Company was under a cloud. So White got clear away. It is an amazing tale, and Mr. Collis tells it very well.

"GALLIPOLI: THE FADING VISION" (Faber and Faber; 15s.), by Mr. John North, is an important contribution to the literature of the World War. It is written at a sufficient interval after the campaign to make impartiality, objectivity, and perspective possible. And it has the great advantage over the official history in that Mr. North does not have to be a respecter of persons simply because they held high places in the military machine.

Mr. North places Gallipoli against its true background, and begins the story at the beginning with the original idea of an attack on Turkey, with the organisation, with the problems of reinforcement and supply, and with the place which the expedition was to take in the whole colossal panorama of the war. Not till he has got his canvas stretched, his easel ready, and his background painted, does he start on the details of his foreground. It is a terrible book, for it is a cold, quiet, accurate description of the most hideous series of failures which have ever been achieved by British arms outside the Western Front. Captain Liddell Hart has described the Gallipoli campaign as "a sound and far-sighted conception, marred by a chain of errors in execution almost unrivalled even in British history." The plans and maps are good and numerous, and the whole book is a monument of painstaking research coupled with clearness of presentation.

John North

Is already known as a successful novelist, and has now joined the war-historians' ranks with his story of the Gallipoli campaign which is reviewed on this page. He fought during the war on the Western Front, but not at Gallipoli

MR. TOM CLARKE, author and editor, had a son who died at the age of nine. Mr. Clarke wrote a memoir of the boy for private circulation only among his friends. But Mr. Victor Gollancz, who undertook the production of it, persuaded Mr. Clarke to allow him to publish it to the world. "So beautiful did it seem to me," writes Mr. Gollancz, "so fresh a picture of boyhood, so delightful an account of the relation of a father and son, and so instinct with a feeling for the English scene—that I also thought that the book must be of interest and value to a very wide public." The result is *Brian* (9s.). Mr. Gollancz is completely right. It is full of knowledge of the heart of a boy, that inscrutable and mysterious creature. The father begins to tell the son about Dickens. The son is excited till suddenly the door opens, and in walks Arthur Gilligan, England's cricket captain. Dickens instantly fades into nothingness. "Gilligan bowled Dickens for a duck, as it were, first ball." Brian describes the different merits of grown-ups that he knows. One acquires virtue for his skill at making rabbit-hutches, one for his knack of doing things with string, another for playing ludo, another for talking about Robin Hood. It is all so completely true to life. Only the last chapters make unbearable reading. Mr. Clarke's tragedy becomes the potential tragedy of every father.

"RILEY OF THE SPECIAL BRANCH" (Harrap; 7s. 6d.) is another of Mr. Leonard Gribble's fast-moving, knockabout thrillers. Spies, blackmailers, beautiful dancers from Vienna—yes, and even sinister Chinese—whizz about to the rattle of machine-guns, the staccato bark of automatic pistols, the spluttering of motor-car engines, and the moaning of gagged victims. It is all very conventional, utterly out of date, and yet essentially a readable book for a fireside hour.

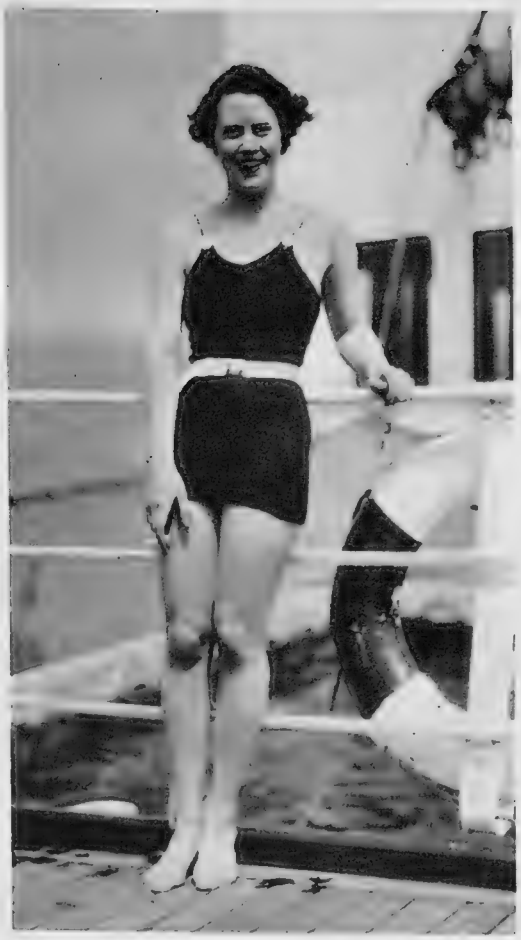
MR. BERNARD NEWMAN continues his series of capital and whimsical tales of espionage with *German Spy* (Gollancz; 7s. 6d.). He says on the cover that he met by chance after the war a German who had served as a spy in the British Army in France, and that *German Spy* is a record of that man's adventures as told to Mr. Newman. It is difficult to say whether this is just another leg-pull or not, but anyway it does not matter, for it is a rattling good yarn. The numerous footnotes are very amusing, and give a delightful air of sober truth to a work of, surely, imagination.

MR. A. G. MACDONELL, on giving up, after nearly three years, this page of the BYSTANDER for another page, presents his compliments to readers, authors, and publishers who have from time to time glanced at his book-reviews, thanks them for their tolerance, and takes leave of them in full confidence that they will be as gentle with his successor.

In Foreign Sunshine

Sir Bede Clifford

The Hon. Sir Bede Clifford has a nice sunny job as Governor of the Bahamas. He had just sailed his boat, Malice Scourge, second in the New York Yacht Club trophy race in the Royal Nassau Sailing Club regatta; he is Commodore of the latter club



Lady Mary Egerton

Lord and Lady Ellesmere's third daughter has been doing a cruise to West Africa and Morocco. The "Duchess of Atholl," on which she sailed, returned to England last week

Lily Pons

The little French prima donna-film star has been holidaying on her native soil; she was born at Cannes, but the picture was taken in Monte Carlo

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Goldwyn and Lord Castlerosse

Right: Samuel Goldwyn, king-pin of United Artists, his attractive wife, who was Frances Howard, and Lord Castlerosse flew to the South of France last week. While Goldwyn was here he signed Elisabeth Bergner up to his company for five years, and arranged for her to go to Hollywood when she's convalescent to meet the rest of the owner-members

The "Bystander" £500 Golf Trophy [4th Year]

Another Successful Meeting at Felixstowe: Ray Hornby (Burnham and Berrow) defeats L. G. Crawley in an exciting Final: Glorious weather and a big Field

By J. S. F. Morrison

THE weather conditions for the BYSTANDER £500 Golf Trophy Meeting were perfect from a golfing point of view. On the Saturday there was a slight breeze blowing, and on the Sunday bright sunshine with hardly a breath of wind. The course played well through the green, but the greens were decidedly rough, as they had not recovered from attacks by leatherjackets. The good players, however, found little difficulty in obtaining reasonably good results on the greens. Eighty players competed, and there was considerable variety in the various handicaps, players with handicaps varying from 20 to plus 2 took part. When you get a collection of players with miscellaneous handicaps, it is always interesting to notice the handicaps, of the players who qualify in the top, or Trophy, eight, and the scores which they return to do so. The best return in the medal round, by which players qualify for the various eights, was a card of 71 by S. Child, who plays under a handicap of 15. Child, for business reasons, was unable to take part in the match-play stages. T. Williams, who used to play Rugby football for Cardiff and Newport in the days of Tom Vile, and F. W. E. Collins, both of Felixstowe Golf Club, playing together, returned cards of 73. Williams playing off 17 handicap, and Collins off 15. You thus see that the lowest handicap of the players who returned the best three cards was 15. The other players to qualify were B. G. Bearman, of the Stanmore Golf Club, handicap 13; J. H. H. Whitty, of Hythe Golf Club, handicap 8; and four low handicap players, C. Ramsden, of Oxford University, handicap 3; S. H. R. Hornby, of the Burnham and Berrow Golf Club, handicap 1; T. B. Baker, West Byfleet Golf Club, handicap 1; and L. G. Crawley, Sunningdale Golf Club, handicap plus 2.

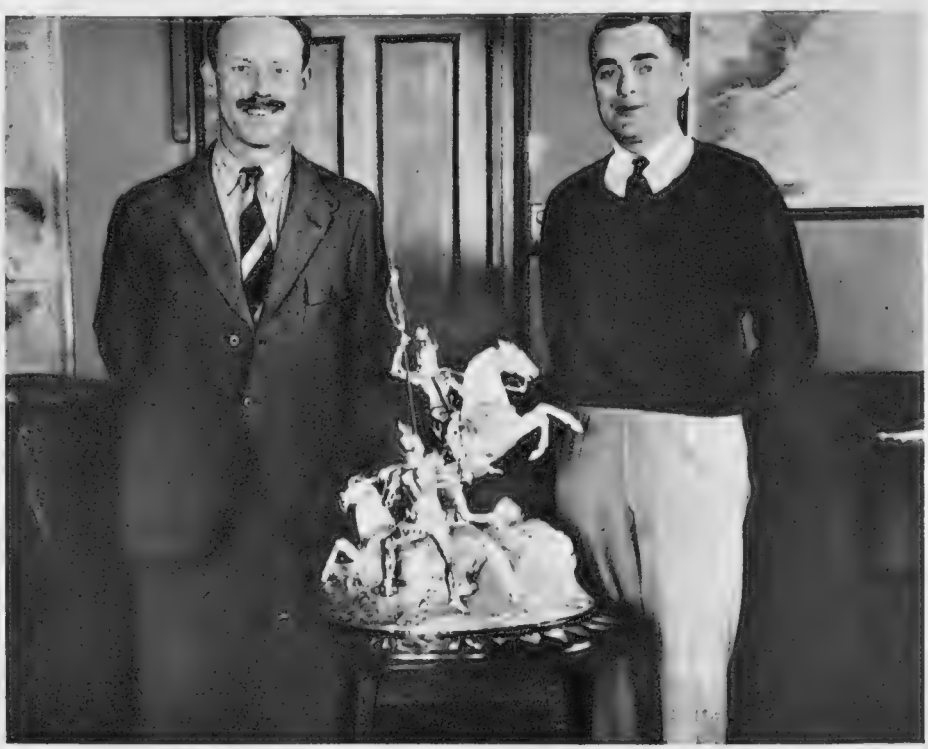
The "Bystander" Flag flying outside the Club-house

BEFORE the competition started, I thought that if Crawley could manage to qualify, he would probably win, but I was very doubtful whether, in this large field, with rough greens, he would do so. He only qualified by the withdrawal of Child. Crawley must be nearly the best amateur

(Continued on page 40)

J. H. H. Whitty, the Army "Rugger" forward, who was beaten by Crawley in the semi-final, with M. R. Gardner. Gardner is the Army champion, and won the "Bystander" Trophy in '34 and '35

T. Williams, a semi-finalist, and F. W. E. Collins both returned 73 net in the medal round



The Finalists with the "Bystander" £500 Trophy

Leonard Crawley (left), the Walker Cup player, is with his conqueror, S. H. R. Hornby (Burnham and Berrow), holder of the South Western Counties Championship

Bracewell Smith, a former captain of the club, and D. Gulland played together in the medal round

R. Allan, fifth Eight winner, and C. O. I. Ramsden (Oxford University), beaten by L. G. Crawley

J. P. Harvey and Captain J. Worrall, the Felixstowe secretary, who scored a popular win in the eighth Eight

"Bystanders" at Felixstowe

A Picture Gallery of our Competitors

George Adams, who plays off one at Aldeburgh, in the throes of arithmetic during the medal round

Right: A. C. Duncan, H. A. Oughton, T. C. Harrison, and F. W. le Grove

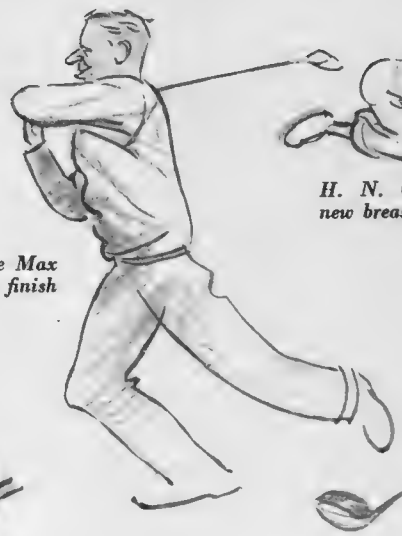
E. G. Snell and W. H. Hatje, a long hitter from Lowestoft, who won the seventh Eight

H. N. Clapham, a one-handicap player from West Hill, won the third Eight

E. R. L. Crockatt, who won the sixth Eight, with R. G. Pegler. They both played last year

On and Off the Fairway at Felixstowe:

The L. G. Crawley finish—



—and the Max Browne finish

H. N. Clapham tried out a new breast stroke on the greens

Unusual view of L. G. Whelpton facing the hole

The brothers Carlyon-Hughes played together but went different ways

A pretty piece of follow-through by C. O. I. Ramsden

"Let's be cheerful" — Irvine Edwards

Gentle Leek and Mild taking the air

Strange work with the mashie by Captain Stratton

Oscar Bunn's cap going up the fairway

Ribald Sketches of "Bystander" Trophy-ites by H. H. Harris

C. A. ("Lightning") Varnon, with his fork stance

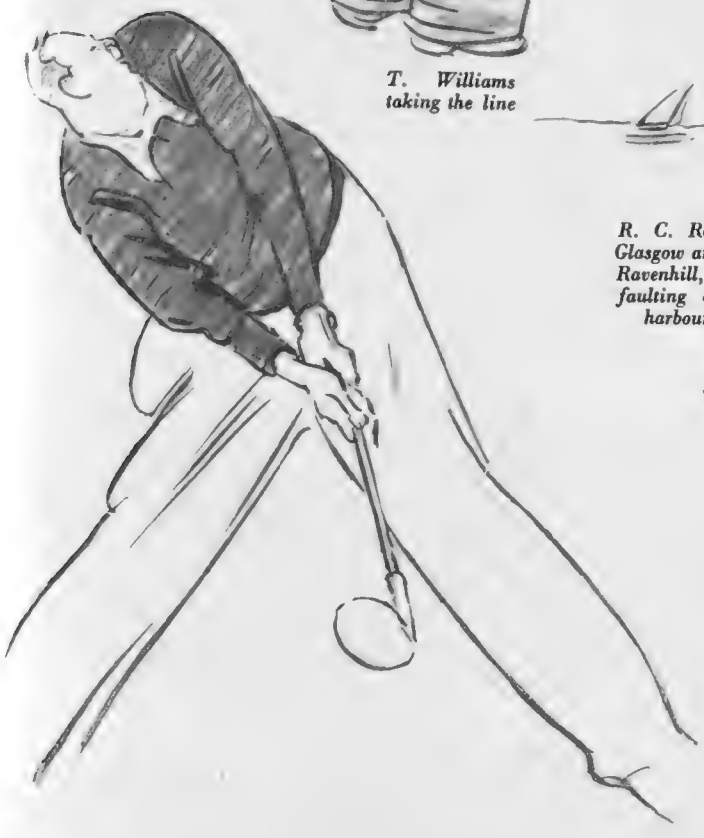
M. R. Gardner was a strong supporter of J. H. H. Whitty

B. G. Bearman waiting for the puck

Garro Jones in play

T. Williams taking the line

R. C. Robertson-Glasgow and Capt. Ravenhill, double-faulting over the harbour bar



G. M. Usher has the world's largest niblick and he needs it

Lindsay Smith ploughing his way home

Garro Jones, M.P., and H. Lindsay Smith

Dr. C. H. Dalton and Dr. J. N. Dugdale

L. G. Whelpton and Eric Mobbs

R. F. Jennings and C. W. Packe

"Bystander" £500 Golf Trophy at Felixstowe *(continued)*

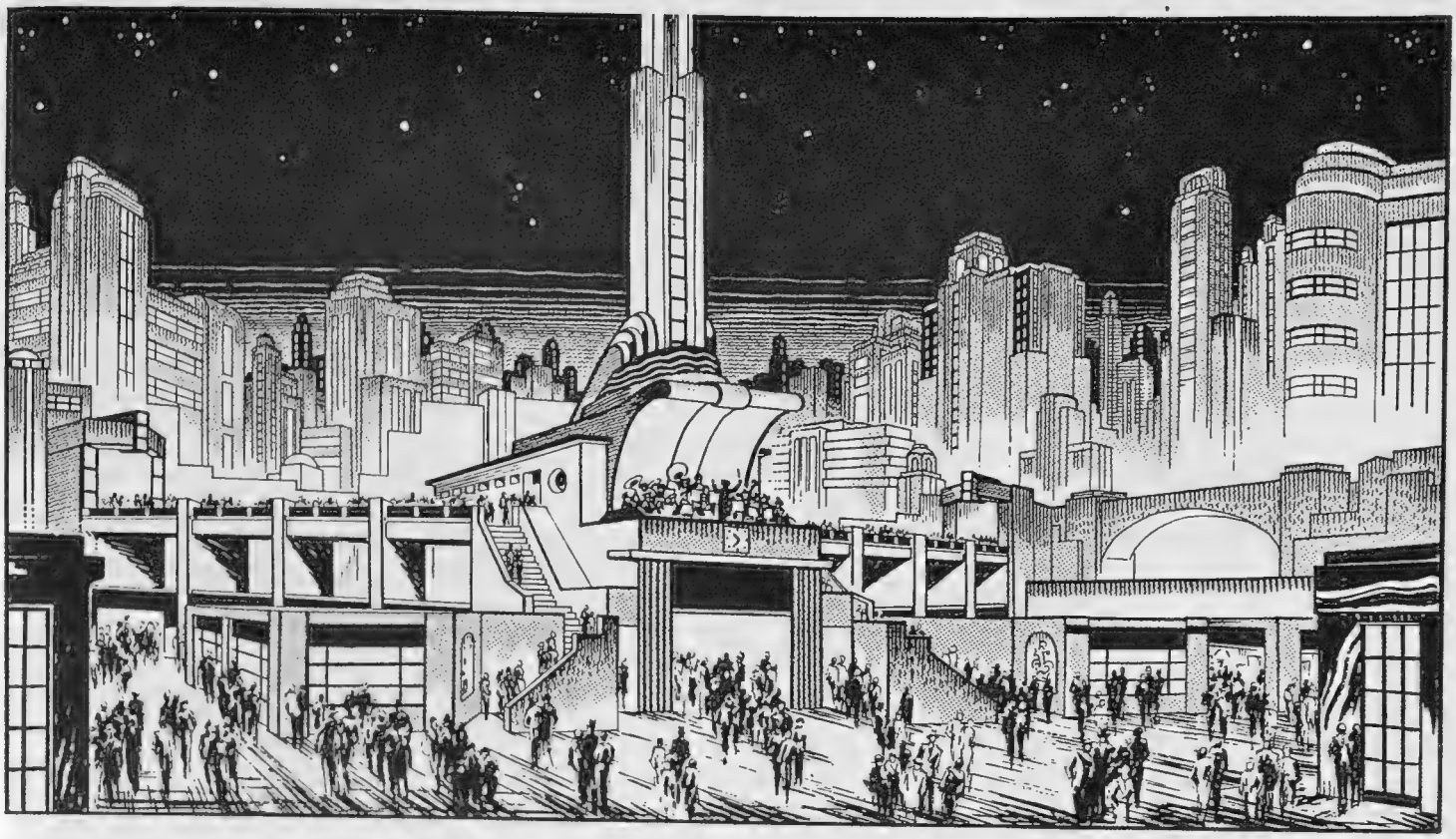
golfer at the present time, and his tremendous length certainly gave him a big moral advantage. Crawley won his first match very comfortably against Ramsden, who was hitting much too hard, in an endeavour not to be outdriven to any great extent, and in the semi-final, after apparently being in a bad position, won comfortably in the end. Whitty, who accompanied M. R. Gardner from Shorncliffe, the winner of the Trophy for the last two years, started off extraordinarily well, and was 2 up on Crawley after 6 holes, having at that time received only 3 of his 8 strokes. Whitty, however, took 4 at the short 7th and 8th holes, but managed to avoid losing the 7th by stymying his opponent. Whitty clearly lost the match at the 9th and 10th holes, at both of which he received strokes; at the 9th he took 4 to get down from just off the green, and at the 10th he took 4 putts. Crawley was now playing extremely confidently and well, and went on to win at his ease on the 15th green. Hornby, on the other hand, had two very close matches, before he reached the final, and was only successful on each occasion on the 17th green.

THE final was a most extraordinary match. The majority of people seemed to think it was a certainty for Crawley, and several were willing to lay odds of 3 to 1 on him; and when Crawley won the first 3 holes in 4, 3, 3, they had good reason to think that their judgment was correct. Crawley was extremely unlucky to lose the 4th and 5th, as he hit all the shots at these two holes perfectly. His second shot to the 4th, where he had to give a stroke, got a skiting kick and ran through the green. At the 5th he hit his tee shot so far that he got a bad lie, on the edge of a bunker intended to trap the second shots of ordinary mortals. Hornby had started rather shakily; he topped his second shot at the 1st hole, and took 3 putts on the 3rd green, now found himself only 1 down. Hornby lost another hole at the 8th, where he took 3 putts, but won the 9th, where Crawley played his first bad shot, putting his second to the left of the green. Hornby, playing 3 first, put his pitch and run stone dead. Crawley then had a neck or-nothing shot from down the bank on the left of the green, and pitched on the top of the bank and ran down to the place from which he had just played. With a 6 at this hole, Crawley was out in 37, and with the slightest shade of luck might have been out in 33, which is certainly devastating golf. The 10th hole is one of the most difficult holes I know. It has a long green only about 20 yards wide, with a fence on the right, over which is "out of bounds," and a cliff on the left leading down to the sea. Crawley put his tee shot over the cliff "out of bounds," and his third shot "out of bounds" on the right of the green, and conceded the hole to Hornby, who was just short of the green in 2. Crawley lost his third consecutive hole in succession at the 11th, where he took 3 putts, and from this hole onwards was obviously straining and not playing the easy, confident golf which he had up to this point. Hornby on the other hand, had regained his confidence, and was playing as if he had not a care in the world, and enjoyed the run of the green in his favour. He holed a good putt for a half at the 12th, and was fortunate at the 13th to hit the flag and remain stone dead with a pitch which would have been a long way past the hole. Crawley was now 2 down and 5 to play, and had to give a stroke at the 14th. At this hole, after Hornby's tee shot, it was obvious that his only chance of a half was to hole out in 3. He had a go off the tee, and finished inches "out of bounds" on the right. Crawley holed a good putt for a 3 at the 15th, but failed to reach the 16th in 2, where he hit the second shot very near the socket, and the match was over. It was a wonderful performance on the part of Hornby, after losing the first 3 holes against such a good player, to fight back and finally take command of the game. From the 5th hole, Hornby played every hole in 4, except the 11th and 13th, which he did in 3. M. R. Gardner, the Army Champion, who has won the BYSTANDER Trophy for the last two years, found that without the assistance of two shots, which he has previously enjoyed, he was unable to qualify for the Trophy Eight. He, however, got some consolation by winning the Fourth Eight.

B. H. Robertson and T. B. Baker

Captain G. L. Stratton and C. R. T. Smith

THE winners of the other Eights were R. H. Romyn (Bridlington); H. N. Clapham (West Hill); R. Allan (Stratford-on-Avon); E. R. L. Crockatt; Captain J. Worrall, the Felixstowe secretary; C. W. Packe (Felixstowe); W. H. Hatje (Lowestoft); and Dr. C. Dalton (Felixstowe). The Trophy has "gone west"—till 1937. The BYSTANDER thanks its hosts, helpers, and players for a grand week-end.



Above and Below: Scenes from the "City of Beautiful Night" at the Daily Mail Ideal Home Exhibition, Olympia, W.

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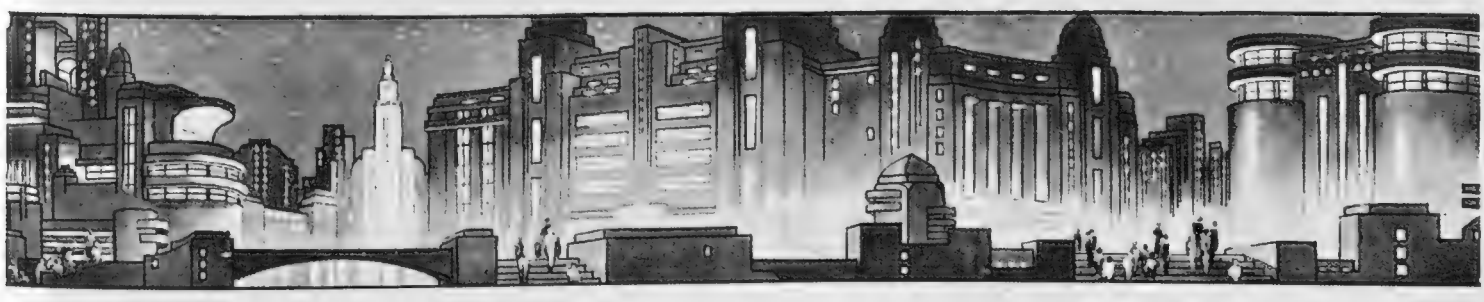

Women's Golf

Mrs. Walter Neilson

Runner-up in the Veteran Women's Championship at Ranelagh, she lost two and one to Mrs. R. Harker

Mrs. R. Bailey and Mrs. Ronald Harker won the handicap prize with 64 net. Mrs. Harker, a former Sussex Champion, won the Veterans' Championship (with a twenty-foot approach shot) at her first attempt

Mothers and Daughters' Foursomes at Ranelagh

Miss K. Garnham, Mrs. Golden (Mary Beard that was), Mrs. Beard and Mrs. Garnham met in the Mothers and Daughters, which Mrs. Golden and Mrs. Beard won with a score of 74. Mrs. Beard was much fancied for the Veterans' Championship but lost by 6 and 5 in the semi-final to Mrs. Neilson

The Chosen: By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER,

PLAYING news, however important, is apt to shrink in comparison with the news of what players have been picked, though not placed, for the final choice to be made from for the Curtis Cup team. The official announcement takes refuge in alphabetical order, and we may do the same.

Miss Jessie Anderson was Girl Champion in 1933; Scottish semi-finalist the same year; Scottish runner-up, 1934; semi-finalist, 1935; New Zealand Champion, 1935. Australian opinion, when Miss Anderson toured there, was that she showed promise of being nearer the Miss Wethered standard than anybody else in the team. She has played some of her best golf at Gleneagles, and is a great little golfer.

Miss Pam Barton, runner-up in the Open for the last two years, won the French in 1934; gets into more trouble than some, and comes out of it better than any.

Mrs. Garon, Open runner-up of 1926; English Champion of 1935; playing better now than ever before; an extremely accomplished golfer, and perfect foursome partner.

Mrs. Holm, Open Champion, 1934; Scottish Champion, '30 and '32; runner-up, '33; West of Scotland Champion, 1933, '34, '35; one of the most brilliant golfers of the day, quite liable to hole a pitch at any moment.

Miss Bridget Newell, another of brilliant possibilities, who hits the ball an immense way, has lately improved her short game out of all knowledge, witness the 73 in which she holed the King's Course at Gleneagles Hotel last week. Holds almost every open foursomes (in company with Miss Gwen Cradock-Hartopp) that is played. Namely: BYSTANDER Scottish Foursomes, Midland Foursomes; were runners-up in the BYSTANDER Northern Foursomes; has held the BYSTANDER Autumn Foursomes with Mrs. Carbutt.

Miss Wanda Morgan, who won all three foursomes, one single, and halved one single in the Gleneagles Hotel courses trial; holds the Open Championship at the moment; was runner-up in it, 1931, in which year she was English Champion.

Miss Wade, the English Champion of 1934, who has come on enormously since then, makes a habit nowadays of reaching the last eight or better in championships, and played consistently all through the Australian tour.

Mrs. J. B. Walker, was the only member of the last Curtis Cup team to win a match in America; she won the Irish Championship in 1930; she played fine golf throughout the Australian tour, and won the Championship of Australia, as well as the Australian Foursomes Championship with Miss Pam Barton. Therefore all these have unimpeachable records. So have some of those who are left out. Why, for instance, Miss Corlett's running-up in last year's English Championship has failed to include her is one of the little mysteries which every selection is bound to provide.

But that is not to say one word against any of the golfers who will take the field over Gleneagles King's Course on May 6th; whichever they finally are, they are well worthy of everybody's confidence, as well as their good wishes. The two do not always go so well together as they do this time.

By their admission, the trials at Gleneagles Hotel Course were pretty strenuous, and not a little alarming, but the King's Course was in magnificent order, the weather warm and ideal, except for one morning of mist, and, after all the business was over, some of them got in rounds at Troon and Turnberry, and went over the Queen Mary, and pic-nicked on the "bonnie banks of Loch Lomond"; and came away, if a little breathless, yet admitting that Scotland is even lovelier in winter than in summer, and that they had enjoyed themselves enormously.

MISS GARNHAM came almost straight back to the Veteran Mothers' and their Daughters' Foursomes at Ranelagh. The course there is in perfect condition, so that any thought of this being the last of spring golf there is almost unbearable. Those who know most, though, tell us not to despair, so we will sing no swan-song yet. The scratch trophy had very rightful winners in Mrs. Cyril Beard and Mrs. Golden, who used to be Mary Beard in the Girls' Championship, more familiarly still, "Pinkie." She is a good golfer these days, but not so good, judging by handicap, as her valiant, veteran mother, who may truly take a large share of the credit for the 74 which won them the salver. Miss Dorrit Wilkins—another girl of a slightly later period—and her mother were 76; so were Mrs. Rowand-Harker and her daughter, Mrs. Bailey, the latter pair winning the handicap with 64 net. Opinion was quite unanimous that Mrs. Beard must win the Veterans' Championship again, though they have a record number of low single figures in for it this year. I could not watch the first day of that, though, for I do like to be beside the seaside, and Hampshire and Sussex were playing each other at Littlehampton.

IT was a most delicious day there, with a lovely sea-breeze and bright sun, and a truly thrilling finish before Sussex got home by the odd match, the last one finishing in their favour on the 18th, where Mrs. Lovett Cameron, having lost five holes in a row, managed to win that 18th in a great 4. It is good to see Littlehampton in such fine condition, and with two interesting new greens for the 10th and 11th, which will eliminate the tripper nuisance; it was better still to see Miss Phyllis Wade in such form, and I came away feeling quite hopeful about that U.S.A. match.

It was really class golf, with control of the ball, a proper determination to make one putt suffice, and the match-playing spirit which manufactured chances from nothing, and refused to follow anything like one slip with another. Mrs. Gallatly fought her nobly, but Miss Wade took no denial, and won by 5 and 3. Mrs. Clarke got home on the last green, so did Mrs. Kennedy, who used to be Miss Phyllis Read of Surrey; but Mrs. Grant White, Miss Brenda Norris and Mrs. Lovett Cameron won there for Sussex, and so did Miss Jennings two holes earlier. Yours ever,

ELEANOR E. HELME.

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Some Air Line Changes

By Charles Ward

In the News

FOR several days after Sir Philip Sassoon's announcement that a Director of Aircraft Production would be appointed from the ranks of commerce, there was keen speculation as to what manner of man would be considered suitable for a job that requires technical knowledge of aircraft as well as an inside knowledge of workshop practice. As it happens, Lieut.-Col. Disney was in the R.F.C. as a pilot during 1915-16 and later organised supplies for the British Forces in Italy. After the Armistice he entered the telephone and cable business, and has resigned his appointment with Ekco Radio in order to join the Air Ministry. In the manufacture of radio sets considerable use is made of plastics, and it is likely that such materials will become more widely used in aircraft construction. Colonel Disney is forty-two, was at Marlborough and Caius College, Cambridge, and has a son in the Oxford University Air Squadron. Mr. H. L. Brook, who was married last week, flew with his bride to Jersey for their honeymoon. His solo flight record from Australia to England was made in a Miles "Falcon," and he is to make a flight to the Cape later this month.

By Air France

ON Friday next, April 3rd, Air France reopens its through service from London to Cannes, using the Potez fourteen-seaters from Paris southwards. This route is most picturesque in good weather, when the high Alps are in view and a large part of the Côte d'Azur is seen just before landing at Cannes. Now that this aerodrome is being enlarged and drained, it may be possible to maintain a service throughout the winter months. Services to North Africa, Algiers, Tunis, Tangier, and Casablanca—also to Majorca, that popular retreat from the hustle of business and city life, depart from London in the evening, arriving the following day. Majorca is reached by lunch-time the next day, so that it is no more than eighteen hours from London. The Mediterranean crossing is made by flying-boat, some with four engines, such as the Lioré, and others of the Short "Saigon" type with three. The "Saigon" is really a "Calcutta," built by Breguet under licence from Short Brothers. The Madrid line reopens on the 19th of this month, with connections to Seville, Valencia, and Lisbon—there are also two daily services to Barcelona. London-Paris will be served by four daily services each way, and from Paris early every morning there is a 'plane to Vienna and Budapest for lunch, continuing to Belgrade and Bucharest in the afternoon and evening. Passengers will depart from and arrive at the Dorchester Hotel, London, on and after April 19th.

Back to Normal

ACTIVITY at the Clubs and Schools went back to normal for a week during March—almost to summer intensity—but it's too much to expect real flying weather for the novice until May is here, though we do get a day or two at a time with little wind and good visibility during April. Brooklands has started its breakfast raids, nine machines taking part in a descent on Shoreham, whilst those who couldn't wake early enough flew to Broxbourne for tea. The Brooklands Four Club dinner and dance is at the Park Lane Hotel on April 18th and the garden-party at the aerodrome on June 20th. Hanworth is being thrown open to tramps and hobos on Saturday next—nives and fawks serplyed, but visitors should note that these are all plainly marked with the company's name in several places. Tickets are five shillings and dress quite optional. At Heston, they do a lot of flying for the films, using the aeroplane for scenic effects, as part of the story and also as a vehicle to carry the news-reels to different parts of the country. Air Commerce has entered into a two-years' contract with Gaumont-British to carry out all flying required by that Corporation. The Agent-General for South Australia tells me that C. J. Melrose is flying his "Phœnix" to Adelaide to take part in the Centenary Celebrations. Enquiries from prospective passengers should address the Agent-General at British Industries House.

Well-known figures at the Great West Aerodrome. Flight-Lt. "Chris" Staniland, before demonstrating the "Battle," which is Britain's fastest bomber; Mr. C. R. Fairey, whose firm are building a large number of "Battles" for the R.A.F., and on the right Lt.-Col. M. O. Darby, of Rolls-Royce, the engine that gives this 'plane its remarkable speed

Flying people at Heston: from right to left—Miss Rosemary Rees, Mr. and Mrs. Goudime-Levkovitsch—he is the designer of several modern navigation instruments—and Miss Jean Loder

The Royal Dutch Programme

ON the opening of the Bromm Airport, at Stockholm, the "Scandinavian Air Express," which, by the way, celebrates its tenth anniversary this Spring, will reach the Swedish capital in eight hours from London. The service to Rome, also taking eight hours, will be reopened on April 19th, flying via Cologne, Frankfurt, and Milan—there is co-operation on this route between Dutch, German, and Italian companies. Then there is the "Blue Danube Express" from London via Amsterdam to Prague in five hours; to Vienna in six, and Budapest in seven and a half hours. The K.L.M. services to Berlin, which is four and a half hours from Croydon, offer special reductions to visitors for the Olympic Games. The North Sea route from Amsterdam to Liverpool will call at Doncaster instead of Hull. Doncaster has made a great effort to secure this traffic and with its fine airport can offer twenty-four-hour service. Passengers by the Royal Dutch lines arrive at and depart from Horseferry House, S.W.1.

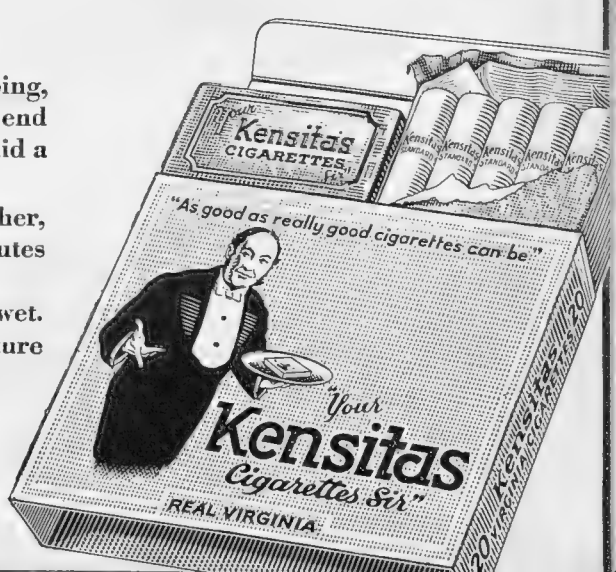
TOO MUCH OR TOO LITTLE MOISTURE RUINS A CIGARETTE.
KENSITAS COSTLIER TOBACCOS★ ARE MOISTURE CONTROLLED RIGHT UP TO THE TIME OF YOUR PURCHASE

Mr. Harker made this MOISTURE CONTROL Test—

HERE IT IS—YOU TRY HIS DRASTIC TEST!—

1. Mr. Harker put an inch of water in a flat-bottomed dish.
2. He placed a 20 packet of KENSITAS in its new Moisture Control wrapping, top end down, in water so that packet stood upright with its sealed end submerged. He did the same with a 20 packet wrapped the usual way and laid a weight across the packets to hold in position.
3. After five minutes, he lifted the weight, placed packets one on top of other, flat on water, replaced weight, and left submerged for five more minutes (packets were both completely covered with water).

RESULT: On opening, cigarettes wrapped usual way were wet. KENSITAS COSTLIER TOBACCOS in the new Moisture Control wrapping were in perfect smoking condition.

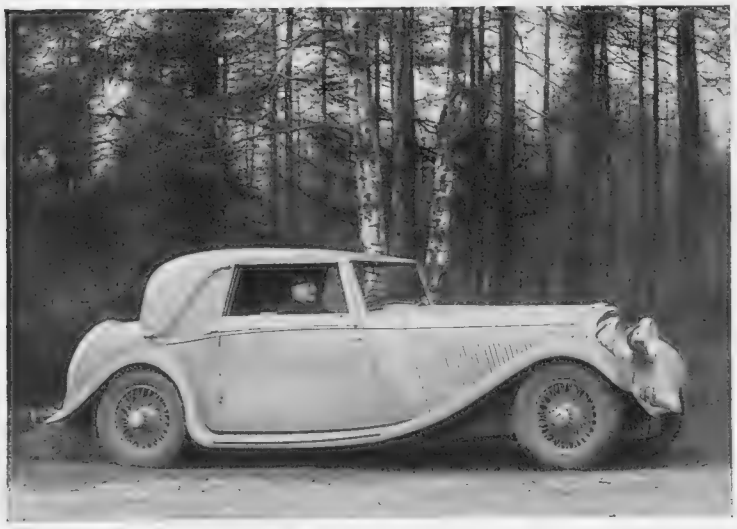


**Your Throat Protection Against Irritation...Against Cough*

Is There a Dazzle Problem?

By The Earl of Cardigan

THE impending issue of new lighting regulations by the Ministry of Transport must raise the question of whether, in fact, we motorists stand in much need of reform where our lighting systems are concerned. Is the dazzle problem still with us, and must we still seek ways and means of combating it?



The colour and lines of this Bentley echo the urge of Spring—it is a 3½-litre, with a Barker foursome coupé

The majority of old motorists, I fancy, find very little to complain of when they drive at night under the present conditions. We may not have reached perfection, but we have advanced immensely during the last few years.

It seems quite hard now to remember the barbarous days when the average lorry was equipped only with a pair of feeble side-lamps, which I think were usually of the oil-burning variety. This was the case, however, prior to about 1930.

Then, when a motorist and a lorry-driver met on the road at night, there really *was* a problem to be solved. If the motorist kept his lights on, the wretched lorry-driver was practically blinded. He usually gave notice of this fact by perpetrating a violent swerve towards the front wing of the oncoming car!

Since the motorist normally had no means of dipping his lights (he could sometimes dim; but this was an unsatisfactory compromise), his only alternative was to switch off his head-lamps altogether. This involved a sudden change from light to darkness, and created grave danger for any cyclist or pedestrian who might be on the road ahead.

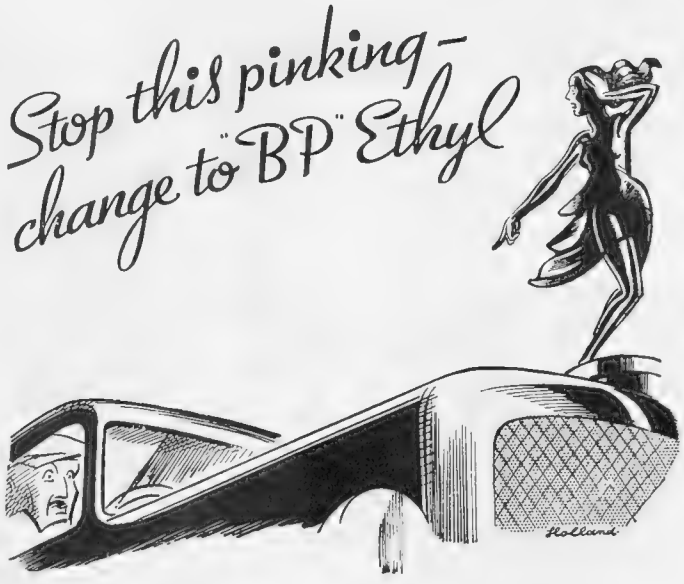
I remember that, of the two evils, I always preferred to keep my lights on. I used to take some trouble in focussing them; but this did not save me from many a shouted objurgation. Old-time lighting was responsible for a deal of ill-will—which was often forcefully expressed!

Now, when I drive at night, I find only one cause for complaint—and that more of annoyance than danger. I refer to the practice observed by some motorists of switching off one head-lamp while leaving the other one full on. I suppose that the notion is that since the amount of light confronting me is reduced by half, this is an adequate response to the conventional dipping of my lights.

Personally, I do not find it so. It annoys me almost as much to be dazzled by one lamp as to be dazzled by two. In particularly gross cases, I find myself forced to switch my own lights up again.

This switching-off of one lamp would be all right if the remaining head-lamp

(*Concluded on page* iv)



BP ETHYL

Pinking, or knocking, is due to your petrol not being up to the task you set your engine. It is a warning which you neglect at your peril: it leads at once to loss of power and in the end, to overheating and serious trouble. "BP" Ethyl not only cures the symptoms, but removes the cause.

"BP" ETHYL BANISHES PINKING

FOR YOUR EASTER VACATION

HOTEL WESTMINSTER
LE TOUQUET

RENEWED THROUGHOUT—NEW BAR
200 Rooms, 200 Baths. 100 yards from Casino de la Forêt.
ORCHESTRA DAILY—
DANCING FLOOR IN DINING ROOM
EASTER SEASON, APRIL 9 to 20

3 GOLF COURSES — Two eighteen holes
One nine hole

What's On (Continued from page D)

CONCERTS (Continued)

Orchestral and Choral

L.P.O.—Beecham conducts them and the Royal Opera Amateur Chorus in Berlioz's "Damnation de Faust": Queen's Hall. Thurs., 2nd, 8.15.

British Artists' Concert.—Mrs. Augustus Ralli presents the eleventh of her series, with Olga Haley, Irene Scharrer, Leon Goossens: Hyde Park Hotel, Sun., 5th, 9.

L.S.O.—William Primrose is the soloist and Sir Hamilton Harty conducts in Holbrooke's "Queen Mab" Scherzo, Bruckner's Sixth Symphony, "King Lear" Overture, and Handel's Viola Concerto: Queen's Hall. Mon., 6th, 8.15.

DANCING AND DINING

Café de Paris.—The cabaret attraction is Wilbur Hall; Lew Stone plays for dancing: extension, Wednesday.

Dorchester.—The Follies of 1936 include the Starlets, Florine McKinney, Naunton Wayne as compère, and two funny men: Jack Jackson's band: extension, Thursday

Grosvenor House.—Mangan's all-American cabaret, with comedy numbers, as the show; Syd Lipton plays for dancing: extension Thursday.

Lansdowne House.—Has a good band (Brian Lawrence's), and you can dance in any clothes: no cabaret.

May Fair.—The jardin fleuri cabaret changes fortnightly, and the turns take turns with dancing; Harry Roy's band plays: extension. Friday.

New Clarges Restaurant.—Here you eat and talk—there 's no music or dancing; the food and wines are excellent.

Oddenino's.—Dancing and cabaret in the restaurant; beer and Bohemianism in the famous brasserie.

Prunier's.—Fish-foods are the specialities, but you can eat what you please, and the wine list is also excellent; no music.

Ritz.—Café chantant is another word for good cabaret; Joe Kaye's band plays: extension, Wednesday.

San Marco.—There 's no cabaret, but two excellent bands—Len Hay's and the Florida Night-Owls till 11, and then the Krakajax with Judy Shirley; one must dress to dance extension Wednesday

"Well, that was A BETTER SHAVE WITHOUT A BRUSH than I've ever had with one . . .

so I'm all for
COLGATE'S
Brushless
SHAVE CREAM"

Shaving's a quicker job with Colgate's Brushless Shave Cream . . . quicker by the time taken by the operation of a brush . . . quicker, too, because the razor definitely glides more easily, and because 'once round' is always plenty. Nearly half the time saved altogether, in fact.

But men aren't taking to this modern method of shaving just for speed, but because it gives them *better shaves without a brush than they ever had with one.* Just spread it over your face—it goes on smoothly—without lumping and never clogs the razor—shave it off as fast as you like, and enjoy the extra after-shaving comfort, without a trace of shininess or stickiness. Get a tube of Colgate's Brushless Shave Cream *today* and get an up-to-date idea of how good a shave can be.

Is There a Dazzle Problem?

(Continued from page ii)

were to be directed downward and to the left. Unfortunately, this is not usually the case. It is a point with which I believe the Ministry of Transport is to deal. Certainly the present arrangement, whereby the remaining lamp may be shone straight into the oncoming driver's eyes, is very far from satisfactory.

To my mind the system by which both lights are dipped and at the same time thrown over to the left is by far the most effective—and it is good to see that this is also the most common practice. The overwhelming advantage is that the amount of light is not diminished: it is merely deflected to the near side of the road.

When two cars meet, both of them equipped in this way, it is difficult to see how any dazzle problem can arise. The unlighted cyclist is, of course, always to be feared; but the motorist can hardly do more than he already does to prolong the life of this nocturnal pest. While the authorities are satisfied to allow cyclists on the road, carrying only red reflectors which may be fitted at the wrong angle and which are usually obscured by mud, we shall never escape from a certain element of danger.

Another problem which is beyond the motorist's control is the use by motor-cyclists — generally those riding machines of an antique pattern—of very feeble front lights. The motorist sees one of these dim lights approaching, but has no means of knowing whether it belongs to a motor-cycle moving at 40 m.p.h. or a pedal cycle moving at 10 m.p.h. As we all know, it is difficult to estimate either distance or speed at night with any degree of correctness. It would certainly be a great help if one could assume with certainty that any single bright light must represent a motor-cycle, while any single dim light must be that of a pedal cycle. In this matter—as in so many matters connected with road safety, uniformity would be of value in itself.

The modern screen-wiper seldom receives much praise; but this little instrument plays a big part in keeping the dazzle problem within bounds. I think that in the days when one was apt to be badly dazzled, a wet and ineffectually-wiped windscreen was often very much to blame. To-day nearly all wipers can be relied upon to do their job, and to prevent the other fellow's lights being converted into dazzle by stray drops of moisture.

For traffic driving, however, one could sometimes wish that wipers would cover a greater area of windscreen. When only a single wiper is fitted, and when street-lamps are creating a dazzle on the unwiped portion of the screen, it is still very difficult to see a pedestrian stepping off the left-hand pavement.

Apart from these relatively minor points, there does not seem to be much to complain of in present night-driving conditions. In other words, manufacturers of lighting sets and accessories, both for cars and lorries, have been doing their best for us for some years past—and the new regulations can hardly do more than encourage the continuance of this good work.

"Evenkeel" independent front wheel suspension is a feature of the new Hillman "80"; this one is the sports saloon model

April, May and June on the Suffolk coast

at England's only privately owned village

At Thorpeness—sea air and summer weather—quiet charm. No piers, promenades, charabanc trips. Instead a private bathing beach (the only one in England); a glorious golf course, laid out by James Braid; cricket, tennis, dancing, bridge. For the children, games and a lake wide and thrilling to explore, shallow and perfectly safe.

For twenty-three years those who love quiet enjoyment have returned again and again to Thorpeness.

There are pleasant furnished houses and bungalows; the Dolphin a delighful inn; two guest houses. Write for booklet 'Concerning Thorpeness' to H.1 Estate Office, Thorpeness, Suffolk.

For FACE & HANDS

Spring is the time for extra complexion care! Little blemishes caused by winds and lack of sunshine, almost invisible perhaps in artificial light, are shown up mercilessly in the lengthening daylight hours. Your complexion must be beyond reproach, your hands soft and white, smooth and immaculate, free from all redness and roughness. Just as Larola carried you happy and confident through a trying Winter, so it will enable you to enter this season of open-air pleasure with complete hand and complexion confidence. Start using Larola, the Queen of complexion milks to-day.

LAROLA SOAP. In boxes of 3 Tablets, **2/-** Single Tablets, **8d.**
LAROLA ROSE BLOOM (Rouge), the Natural Tint. Sifter Boxes, with Puff, **1/-** and **2/6.**

BEETHAM'S **Larola**

1/6 & 2/6 a bottle.

From Chemists, and Stores, or Post Free in U.K. from

M. BEETHAM & SON, CHELTENHAM. ENGLAND

Write for a copy of the interesting and informative Larola booklet "The Cult of Beauty," sent free.

HAMPTONS FURNISHING FABRICS & LOOSE COVERS

A perfect Loose Cover is an important factor in the furnishing of a room and great care should be taken in the choice of a pattern. The cutting and fitting also require very great skill and care. Hamptons only employ experts in this class of work, thus ensuring a perfect fit.

THE COST OF MAKING A LOOSE COVER FOR THE CHAIR SHOWN WITH BOX PLEATED FRILLS, WITHIN THE 3 MILE RADIUS, IS MATERIAL EXTRA. **11/6**

If with gathered frill **10/3**

Other models and Settees at proportionate prices. Samples of the new Spring Fabrics, and estimates free.

On the chair is **Hamptons "Kintore" printed Linen,** K9116. 31in wide. Produced in two colour schemes: a Rose, and a Copper, both on a Natural colour ground. Per yard **3/11**

'NAWORTH' Printed Tissue. ***Exclusive to Hamptons.*** A beautiful reproduction of a Jacobean Embroidery. The printing of this design has been carefully studied and executed so as to obtain the effect of an old embroidery. In three Chintz colour schemes on a plain and figured Tussore ground. 30 in wide K.8467. Per yard **3/3**

HAMPTONS: PALL MALL EAST TRAFALGAR SQ., LONDON, S.W.1

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CVS—335

"The only thing that does me good"

VAPEX TRADE MARK INHALANT

For Colds

"Vapex is the only thing that has ever done me good . . . If I get a cold I at once take a few drops on my hanky and in a few hours I am fit and well again. I tell all my friends about it and they come back and thank me . . .They say the same as I do; they have tried everything but find Vapex is the very best."

R. L., Hackney, E.9.

Try Vapex for yourself and you will never be without it again. The relief it gives is marvellous. It clears the head and quickly breaks up the most stuffy cold.

VAPEX

Of Chemists 2/- & 3/-

V 146 THOMAS KERFOOT & CO., LTD.

To FASTIDIOUS PEOPLE

THE use of Listerine Brand Antiseptic has become a daily routine with fastidious people throughout the country. For an antiseptic of such admitted potency (the *Lancet* confirms that it kills 600 million bacteria in 15 seconds) it is exceedingly "versatile."

It is used as a mouth wash with pleasure and profit, and women, in particular, find it invaluable for general personal hygiene; there is no safer, more reliable prophylactic for cuts, bruises and all minor and major injuries; it has a soothing effect on inflamed and swollen conditions.

Listerine Antiseptic is the ideal antiseptic and germicide for personal requirements. Keep a bottle in your bathroom for daily use — and against emergencies.

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

Of all chemists 1/6, 3/- and 5/6 a bottle. Made in England

She now has a Beautiful BUST

and yet she was flat-chested only five weeks before, and her figure so ugly to look at! What was her secret? Quite simple indeed! She just wrote, as every reader of THE BYSTANDER can do to-day to Mme. HELENE DUROY, the famous PARISIAN BEAUTY EXPERT, the sole inventor of the world-renowned

PARISIAN METHODS

EXUBER BUST DEVELOPER
will develop your bust.

EXUBER BUST RAFFERMER
will strengthen your bust.

EXUBER BUST REDUCER
will reduce it to proper proportions.

These methods are applied externally and cannot have any ill-effect; they entail no special regime, no fatiguing exercise, no internal medicament, and for 26 years have been used all over the world with remarkable success. Internationally renowned heatre and cinema artistes owe their attractiveness to EXUBER METHODS.

FREE OFFER Readers of The Bystander will receive, under plain cover, full particulars about DEVELOPING or STRENGTHENING or REDUCING. Please give name and address in block letters and send to Mme. HELENE DUROY, 11 rue de Miromesnil, Div. G. 43F, Paris (8e). Postage 2½d. Enclose 2½d. stamp for answer.

Coincidence *(Continued from page 30)*

looked to the open door and then to our neighbours, looked back at her.

"Now she seemed twice as large—her head thrown up—her mouth open, snarling almost—showing the stumps of her teeth, long since turned black by the constant chewing of betel-nut—her eyes flashing and alive—and her bony hands resting on the floor somewhat as a runner awaits the pistol.

"Suddenly the night was again shattered by that roar, but this time in our very ears. Our hearts stopped, and then pumped furiously—eyeballs strained, and sheer stark fear showed on every face, as, with a second terrifying roar she sprang from the ground, hitting her head against the roof, to fall a crumpled heap fully twenty feet from where she started.

"In seconds the door was packed by a wild mob, trampling underfoot the weaker ones in their endeavour to get as far away as possible, as fast as their legs would carry them.

"Hands clutched knives as primitive defensive instincts rose within them. Hadji jumped up and tried to calm them and keep them in order. Some, at the sound of his voice, stopped. Soon there were only about twenty of us left.

"The old hag's attendant rushed forward to pick her up, and she was helped to her curtained doorway. Once again she seemed just that shrivelled-up old woman. As old as the hills.

"Hastily I offered to render first-aid, but was assured by Hadji that she was unhurt—a statement which I easily verified next day.

"Slowly I walked back to camp, wondering, wondering if what she said could be true. No human could have made the jump she did—much less someone who was as old as she.

"I determined next morning to set my mind at rest by sending a cable to see if all was well with my father. She might have reasoned that my Guv'nor must be old, and took a chance on his being ill, as I was then thirty — old, at any rate, by their reckoning.

"Sleep was impossible. All the mosquitoes in the valley seemed busily engaged trying to get inside my net. Again and again my mind went over all I had seen and heard. I swore I was not mesmerised — that I had seen it and heard it, but it all seemed so impossible. Western reason couldn't explain it. The East accepted it. They had no doubts.

"I could hear whisperings from my boys' quarters, so finally at about 4 a.m. I roused them and called for tea.

"The moment it was light I sent off a runner to the post office to dispatch my cable. That day was a wasted day so far as work was concerned.

"At about six that evening my runner returned, in company with the cook's assistant, who had gone to buy groceries in the neighbouring township and collect the daily mail. On top was a buff envelope.

"Surely not a reply to my cable, I thought, for the quickest time in which I could expect it was twenty-four hours, and probably forty-eight up-country.

"Seizing it, with my heart pounding so that I could hardly see, I read: 'Daddy died at dawn to-day very suddenly.—Mary.'

"That was my sister—and the date the previous morning." . . .

"Did any of the other prophecies come true?" said Rockson.

"Of course. All of them."

"And the village?"

"Yes. Buried to-day under thirty feet of silt in the terrible floods of '24—just six months after."

THE END.

All entries for the Bystander *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* Bystander *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* Bystander, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON APRIL

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* } .....

Address .....

.....

The "Bystander" Spring Medal Foursomes (1936)

At Royal Mid-Surrey, Richmond

The "Bystander" Spring Medal Foursomes (12th year), at Royal Mid-Surrey, will be played, by kind invitation of the Club, on the Men's and Ladies' Courses, on Tuesday, April 21st, 1936.

Holders: Miss Audrey Holmes and Miss Eileen Young.

ROYAL MID-SURREY — NO ENTRANCE FEE

ENTRY FORM

To reach Miss Helme, the Bystander Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, not later than Monday April 13th, 1936.

The "BYSTANDER" One-Day SPRING MEDAL FOURSOMES, 36 holes (12th Year)

To be played at Royal Mid-Surrey, Tuesday, April 21st, 1936

Please enter

Mrs. / *Miss* .....*of*..... *Club*

L.G.U. Handicap.....

Home Address..... *Telephone No.*.....

To play in the above Foursomes at Royal Mid-Surrey, with

Mrs. / *Miss* .....*of*..... *Club*

L.G.U. Handicap.....

Home Address..... *Telephone No.*.....

Our opponents will be

Mrs. / *Miss* .....and *Mrs.* / *Miss* .....

who will send in their own entry. OR, please fix us up with opponents

If that time is not already taken, we should like to start the firs round at.....*or if there is no free time within fifteen minutes of that we should like an earlier/later one, if possible at about*.....

(No starting time can be allotted before 9.0 or after 11.15 for the first round. Competitors will start their second round approximately 3½ hours later than their first round.)

CONDITIONS

Joint handicaps limited to 30; play under half combined handicaps. Entries from couples over the handicap limit will not be accepted. Handicap certificates to be shown before play. Entries may be accepted from foreign or other competitors at their home handicaps if they have no L.G.U. handicaps.

Entries limited to 100 couples. Entries beyond that limit will be placed on a waiting list to fill any vacancies that may arise.

Competitors may choose their own partners and opponents, and in the event of their original partner failing, may substitute another up to the time play starts if they will kindly notify Miss Helme.

Competitors may request a starting time, these being allotted in order of request, but not before 9.0 or after 11.15. Competitors will start their second round approximately three-and-a-half hours later than their first round. Play will be over thirty-six holes, eighteen holes on the Men's Course and eighteen on the Ladies' Course, and it will be decided by a draw which couples shall play on which course in the morning.

Entries close on Monday, April 13th, or earlier, if the limit of 100 couples is reached before that date. Starting times will be posted to each competitor on April 14th.

The Directors of the Bystander reserve the right to add to or alter these conditions, and the decision of the Golf Editor will be final on all points.

PRIZES

Challenge Trophies and Replicas for the best scratch aggregate of thirty-six holes. Prizes for the best scratch return on the Men's Course. Prizes for the best scratch return on the Ladies' Course. Prizes for the best handicap aggregate of thirty-six holes. Prizes for the best handicap return on the Men's Course and on the Ladies' Course.

Ties for the aggregate will be decided by the scores returned by the tieing couples over the Men's Course; ties for the eighteen-hole prizes by the last nine holes of the tieing cards.

Exclusive of any sweeps that may be arranged, the winners of the Challenge Trophies cannot take any other prizes, nor may any pair take more than one prize. **No card taken out in the second round can compete for an eighteen-hole prize unless the pair returning it have completed and returned their first-round card.**

The Entry Form is on the left.

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NEW COATS and ENSEMBLES

(Ready-to-wear Dept. No. 18 Second Floor.)

(Coat Dept. First Floor.)

Above:

SMART AFTERNOON COAT, in black wool georgette, the sleeves and scarf ends of which are finished with an attractive new embroidery. This Coat is made on the premises by our own tailors. Price **14½ Gns.**

Left:

A TWO-PIECE ENSEMBLE in the new Feather-wool. Coat with turn-back cuffs and wide stitched revers. Frock finished with embroidered self-flowers. In slate-blue, sap-green, turquoise and midnight blue; also in black and grey Angora. Price complete **14 Gns.**

JAY'S Ltd
Regent Street,
London. W.1

• GETTING MARRIED

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Lenar

Helen Pearson

Helen Constance Margaret Pearson, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Pearson, of 24, Cambridge Square, W., is engaged to Henry Foley, elder son of the late P. H. Foley and Mrs. Foley, of Stoke Edith, Herefordshire

Lafayette

Joy Bevan

Is the only daughter of the late John Bevan and Mrs. Brewin, of 11, Hertford Street, W.1; she is engaged to Captain Victor Palser Northam, second son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Northam, of Knowle, Bristol

Bertram Park

Elizabeth Hughes-Gibb

Is engaged to Captain John Lucan Hayward, only son of the late C. J. W. Hayward and Mrs. Hayward; she is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Hughes-Gibb, of 206, Ashley Gardens, S.W., and Tarrant-Gunville, Dorset

Basma, Bulkeley

Elaine Heathcote-Smith

Is the younger daughter of Mr. C. E. Heathcote-Smith, H.M. Consul-General, Alexandria, and Mrs. Heathcote-Smith; she is engaged to Roger Stanley Wellby, R.N., son of Mrs. Stanley Wellby, of Loughrigg, Berkhamsted, Herts.

Kay Vaughan

Olivette Bailey

Olivette Kaye Bailey, the elder daughter of the late Douglas Bailey and Mrs. Bailey, of Empshott Grange, Liss, Hants., has announced her engagement to Rowland Hill, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Ellis Hill, of 27, Elm Park Gardens, S.W.10

Fayer of Vienna

Phillippa Taylor

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Shelbourne Taylor, of Langdown, Hythe, Southampton, and 77, Eaton Square; she is engaged to Comar Wilson, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Wilson, of 4, Thornwaithe Grange, Keswick

Kay Vaughan

Elizabeth Burns-Lindow

Elizabeth Mary Noreen Burns-Lindow, only child of Capt. and Mrs. Burns-Lindow, of Seascale, Cumberland, is engaged to Alexander Horsbrugh-Porter, 38, Upper Fitzwilliam Street, Dublin, younger son of Mr. Alexander and Hon. Mrs. Horsbrugh-Porter

Lenare

Diana Blair

Announces her engagement to William Beauchamp, of 31, Lower Belgrave Street, S.W.1, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. C. W. Beauchamp, of Switzerland; she is the daughter of the late Capt. Duncan Blair and Mrs. Blair, of 13, Sussex Mansions, S.W.7

Langmaid — Sutcliff

Lt.-Comr. K. J. R. Langmaid, R.N., second son of the late Capt. J. Langmaid and Mrs. Langmaid; and Enid Natalie Sutcliff, only daughter of the late Capt. Sutcliff and Mrs. Sutcliff, of Chandos Court, Buckingham Gate, S.W.1, were married at St. Mary, Boltons

Kennedy — Rowlandson

Miss S. M. Rowlandson, younger daughter of the late Major Wynward Rowlandson, C.B.E., and Mrs. Rowlandson, of Pine Cottage, Curdridge, Hants, was married at the Garrison Church, Portsmouth, to D. V. Kennedy, second son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Quintin Kennedy

Crutchley — Cotton

Ernest Addenbrooke Crutchley, son of Lt.-Col. E. Crutchley, C.B., C.M.G., C.B.E., and Mrs. Crutchley, and Diana Sara Cotton, youngest daughter of the late Lt.-Col. Arthur Cotton and Mrs. Lee Booker, of Highgate, were married at Cambridge. Lt.-Col. Crutchley is Public Relations Officer to H.M. Post Office

Chapman — David

At St. Ethelburga's, Bishopsgate, Richard Francis Chapman, of East Hill House, Oxted, son of the late C. T. Chapman, married Audrey David, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. David, of Birkdale, Southport, Lancs.

Bowring — Tapscott

Peter Ralph Bowring, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Bowring, of Barricane, St. John's, Woking, Surrey, and Phyllis Tapscott, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Tapscott, of 24, Harrington Gardens, S.W.7, were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

Burstall — Gibbons

Elisabeth Gibbons, only daughter of the late Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Gibbons, of 91, Sloane St., was married at St. Michael's, Chester Square, to Lt.-Comr. John Burstall, R.N., elder son of the late Capt. John Burstall and Mrs. Burstall, of Hurdle End, Hatfield Heath

Harris — Mumford

Lt.-Comr. Richard Randall Harris, R.N., son of the late Dr. and Mrs. W. J. Harris, of Shaftesbury, Dorset, and Elisabeth Mumford, eldest daughter of the late Percy Mumford and Mrs. Mumford, of Waveney, Uplands Park, Enfield, Middx., were married at St. Saviour's, Walton St.

What's On

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

April 1 — April 7

THEATRES

Comedy and Tragedy

ANTHONY AND ANNA.—St. John Ervine's play (produced by Irene Hentschel) continues to offer some of the best light comedy in town—Harold Warrender and Jessica Tandy well supported by Morris Harvey and Fabia Drake: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30

CALL IT A DAY.—Dodie Smith's entertaining play deals with family life as lived in St. John's Wood; Fay Compton, Owen Nares, and his son, Geoffrey, are in the cast: Globe, 8.15. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE DOMINANT SEX.—This domestic comedy of quarrels and making-up is amusingly apt—and runs and runs; Diana Churchill and Richard Bird are the young couple Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

DUSTY ERMINE.—A tangled skein of forgery and love with Leonora Corbett, David Horne and William Fox: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THE IBSEN CYCLE.—*A Doll's House, Rosmersholm, Hedda Gabler,* and *The Master Builder* repeat themselves in that order fortnightly, for three days each. Lopokova Jean Forbes-Robertson, Clarke-Smith, and John Laurie play the leads: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

LADY PRECIOUS STREAM.—A charming piece from the Chinese by S. I. Hsiung, played à la chinois. Esmé Percy, Thea Holme, and Viola Tree: Little, 8.30. Wed. Sat., 2.30.

MARY TUDOR.—Flora Robson as Mary of England, Joyce Bland as Elizabeth, Marius Goring as Philip of Spain: Playhouse, 8.30 Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

MURDER IN THE CATHEDRAL.—Robert Speaight in T. S. Eliot's play about Thomas à Becket: Mercury, 8.30 (not Monday). Fri., Sat., 2.30.

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE.—Helen Jerome's dramatised version of Jane Austen, with Celia Johnson as Elizabeth, Dorothy Hyson as Jane, and Leueen Macgrath as Lydia: décor by Rex Whistler: St. James's, 8.30. Wed. Sat., 2.30.

PROMISE.—Bernstein's family drama is as brilliantly acted as it is theatrically effective; Madge Titheradge, Ralph Richardson and Edna Best head the fine cast Shaftesbury, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

RED NIGHT.—Robert Donat manages and leads in this powerful propaganda play about a young man in the war; also John Mills and George Carney: Queen's 8.30. Wed., Sat. 2.30.

ST. HELENA. — Keneth Kent plays l'Empereur in Sherriff's and Miss de Casalis's play about Napoleon's last days: Daly's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TO-NIGHT AT 8.30.—Noel Coward's short plays vary nightly, and make the best light entertainment in town. The author and Gertrude Lawrence play the leads in them all: Phœnix 8.30. Tues. Sat., 2.30.

TOVARICH.—This amusing and moving piece nears its end; Cedric Hardwicke and Eugénie Leontovich continue their grand acting: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

A WINTER'S TALE.—William Devlin and Vivienne Bennett in the old and ever-new story (till Sat.): Old Vic, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Singing and Dancing

ALL ALIGHT AT OXFORD CIRCUS.—A hip-hooray kind of vaudeville with Harry Roy's band and lots of comic constellations: Palladium, 6.25 and 9. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

AT THE SILVER SWAN.—Cheerful musical piece about the Australian 1870 goldfields, with chorus of bushrangers Delysia and Steve Geray are in it: Palace, 8.15. Wed. Sat., 2.30.

FOLLOW THE SUN.—Cochran's 1936 revue is "first and last a spectacle"; décor by Ernst Stern, music by Arthur Schwartz, a ballet by Osbert Sitwell, Rumbaland Muchachos, and Young Ladies are all parts of it Adelphi, 8.30. Wed. Sat., 2.30.

PLEASE, TEACHER!—Musical comedy with a girls' school setting; Sepha Treble is a girl, Bobby Howes an intruding young man; and Vera Pearce and Bertha Belmore are in it: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 74.—Edna Thompson returns to the cast for a Monte Carlo number. There is also Mischa de la Motte, a "five-voiced" entertainer; Gus Chevalier and Hugh Rene continue to salt the show with humour: Windmill, 1.20—11.30 non-stop.

SEEING STARS.—A slim story sends Leslie Henson into numerous predicaments and the audience into fits of laughter. Fred Emney, Hildegarde, and Louise Browne enhance the merriment: Gaiety. 8.15. Wed. Thurs. 2.30.

THE SHOW THAT JACK BUILT.—The new revue-comedy stars Randolph Sutton, Jimmy James, and Frank Randle: Alhambra. 6.15 and 9. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

1066 AND ALL THAT.—The farcical revue of our island story comes off on Saturday: Strand, 8.30. Sat., 2.30.

THE TOWN TALKS.—Charlot's new revue is by Arthur Macrae; lyrics and music by Vivian Ellis; June and Arthur Riscoe are the stars: Vaudeville, 8.30. Mon. Sat., 2.30.

TWENTY TO ONE.—Long odds, but they win in this musical sporting farce with Lupino Lane and Clifford Mollison: Coliseum, 6.15 and 9. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

CHILDREN, TO BLESS YOU!—Jean Cadell is the mother of a charming but unruly family in this domestic comedy; Mary Newcomb is an unpleasant aunt: Duke of York's. 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

HER LAST ADVENTURE.—Mrs. Belloc Lowndes' first play (as such) has an original plot offering plenty of thrills; Jane Carr is the heroine: Ambassador's, 8.30.

LAST OF THE LADIES.—A silly comedy by Will Freshman. Nicholas Hannen, Adèle Dixon, Hedley Briggs, and Athène Seyler take part: Apollo, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE LIMPING MAN.—A mixture of horrors and hilarity; this piece nears its 250th performance: Royalty, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

LOVE FROM A STRANGER.—Frank Vosper's play based on Agatha Christie's story about a professional Bluebeard has Mr. Vosper, Marie Ney, and Muriel Aked in it: New, 8.30.

NIGHT MUST FALL.—Extraordinary character sketch of a cheerful young megalomaniac, written and acted by Emlyn Williams. Laughter, horrors and sympathy are well emphasised by Angela Baddeley and Dame May Whitty: Duchess, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

NO EXIT.—Robert Douglas in a doubtful thriller about murder for a bet and by a mistake: St. Martin's, 8.40 Tues., Fri., 2.30.

STORM IN A TEACUP.—James Bridie transports Bruno Franck's *Sturm im Wasserglas* to a Scottish scene. Roger Livesey, Sara Allgood, and Ian McLean are fun in this comedy-satire: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Thurs. Sat., 2.30.

THREE MEN ON A HORSE.—A great laugh from the U.S. in the shape of an old plot cleverly redone; Romney Brent and Bernard Nedell lead the all-American cast Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE TWO MRS. CARROLLS. — Hugh Miller and Elena Miramova in a piece of peculiar horror about murder for art's sake: Garrick, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

WISDOM TEETH.—The successful Embassy comedy Beatrix Thompson, Edith Sharpe, Ronald Adam, and Martin Lewis are in it: Savoy, 8.30. Mon. Thurs., 2.30.

First Nights

SPREAD IT ABROAD.—Herbert Farjeon's revue, with Dorothy Dickson, Ivy St. Helier, and Nelson Keys has its postponed first night to-night, 1st, at the Saville, 8.

KING LEAR.—Shakespeare's most poignant tragedy has William Devlin as the King, and Vivienne Bennett as Cordelia, besides other Vic favourites: Old Vic, Tues., 7th, 8

BABY AUSTIN.—B. C. Hilliam ("Flotsam")'s play turns on the presence of a child—it is nothing to do with cars: Strand, Tues., 7th.

CINEMAS

DESIRE.—Marlene Dietrich's new film in which she is a pearl thief; Gary Cooper is opposite her; Frank Borzage directed: Plaza.

HIS APOLOGIES.—Widgey-Newman production based on Kipling's poem; Disney colour film, bird life, and Labour Exchange documents; magazines and news Tatler.

LIEBESMELODIE.—Adapted from Lehar's *Clo-Clo,* this film was made by Tourjansky in Vienna. Cosmopolitan, what? and the sub-title is "the whole world turns on Love." Marta Eggerth aids the gay revolution: Academy.

MAGNIFICENT OBSESSION.—Lloyd Douglas's novel makes a film with Irene Dunne and Robert Taylor as stars: scenes are in New York and Paris Regal

THE MAN WHO BROKE THE BANK AT MONTE CARLO.—Ronald Colman and Joan Bennett in a not-too-brilliant piece: Marble Arch Pavilion.

MERLUSSE.—Provençal for Cod-Fish, a nickname for a brutal professor in a lycée film starring Henri Poupon: Curzon.

THE MILKY WAY.—Harold Lloyd is a milkman in his new farce, and Adolphe Menjou trains him as a boxer: Carlton.

MODERN TIMES.—Charlie Chaplin's new comedy-tragedy-satire on these industrial days draws crowds to see him and Paulette Goddard at the Tivoli.

OCTOBER.—Eisenstein's silent film of "Ten Days that Shook the World"—the Kerensky revolution: Forum.

RHODES OF AFRICA.—Walter Huston as the great patriot, Basil Sydney as Dr. Jameson—also Oscar Homolka and Frank Cellier: New Gallery.

ROSE MARIE.—The old-time musical favourite with glorious Jeannette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy Empire.

STRIKE ME PINK!—Eddie Cantor's new film, with Sally Eilers and, of course, the Goldwyn Girls London Pavilion.

THINGS TO COME.—H. G. Wells supervised the making of this spectacular film from his book, *Shape of Things to Come.* Ralph Richardson, Raymond Massey, Margaretta Scott, and Ann Todd are in it: Leicester Square.

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THE HAUNTED BALLROOM, CARNAVAL, FAÇADE.—Fri., 3rd, 8.30.

LES RENDEZVOUS, BLUE BIRD, THE GODS GO A-BEGGING, JOB.—Tues., 7th, 8.30.

TRUDI SCHOOP'S COMIC BALLET.—A mixture of dancing and mime: Embassy, 8.30.

CONCERTS

Recitals

MAY BLYTH.—A song recital includes Russian (Rachmaninoff and Moussorgsky), German (Brahms and Strauss), and English (Ronald, Harty, and Sandford) works: Æolian Hall, to-night, 1st, 8.30.

JOHN MCCORMACK.—The tenor's only recital this season assisted by Adela Verne: Royal Albert Hall, Sun. 5th 3.

MARJORIE FFRANGÇON-DAVIES.—A Hugo Wolf recital with Gerald Moore at the piano: Grotrian Hall, Tues., 7th, 8.30.

(*Continued on page* iii)

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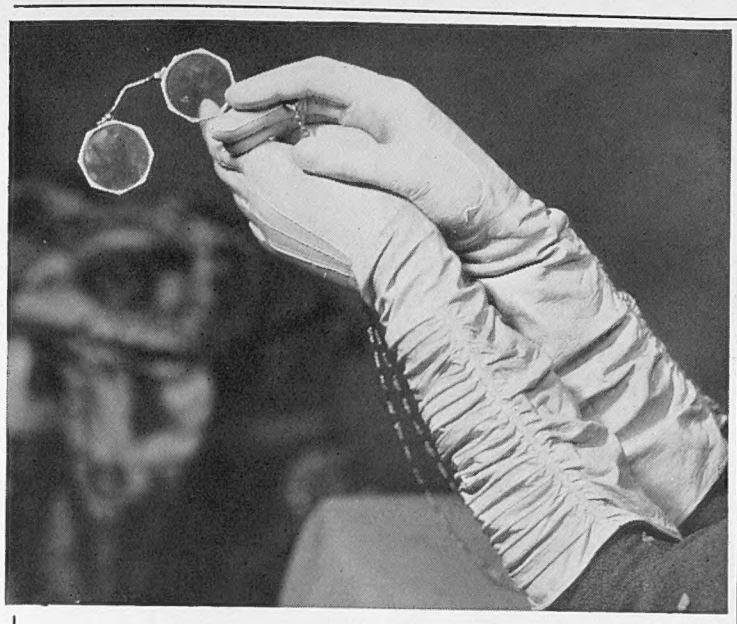

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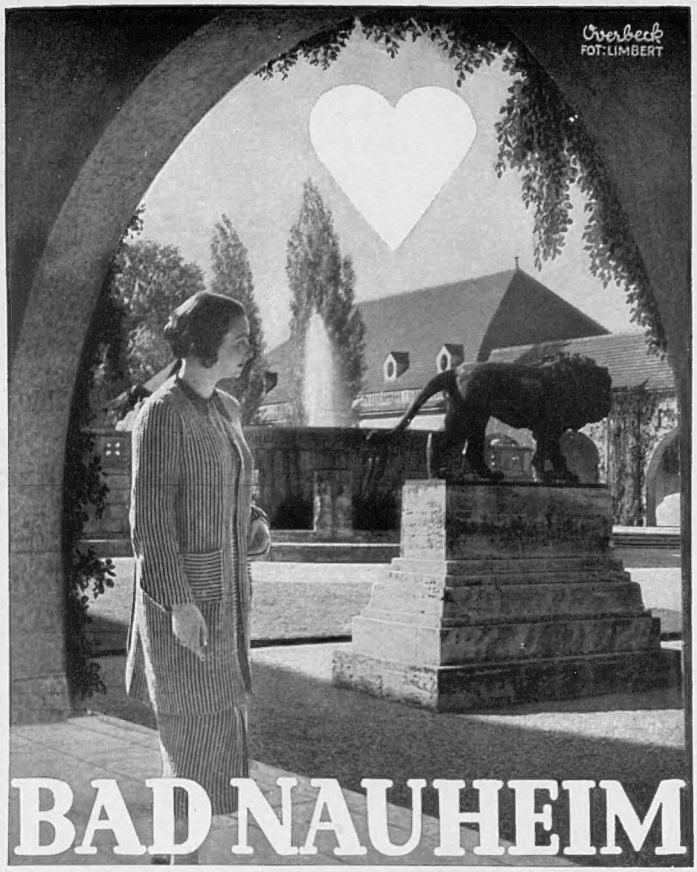

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